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SOME WEIRD TALES OF A BURYING GROUND

Few sights are so uncanny, so weird, so ghost like as a graveyard in the light of a pale moon. The mystery beyond death has something to do, perhaps, with this uncanniness that can hardly be otherwise expressed. People passing a cemetery at night are given to the "creeps;" they frequently "see" things that do not exist, and they "hear" things that make no noise. "Ghosts," the superstitious say. "I do not understand," says the doubtful one; "fake," and "buncombe," says the person who does not believe in the supernatural.

Cemetery employes, as a rule, are very grave persons. They are not expected to see the joke no matter where expressed. Like some clerical gentlemen, they are expected to be long-faced and look sad—whether they feel that way having nothing to do with it. Once in a while, however, when a man of long experience about a graveyard can be reached, and inducerd to talk, he will report of his own experiences enough to interest almost anybody, whether or not he believes in ghosts, or in the mental connection between life and departed souls.

Some people do not believe in petrification. They point out that, as a rule, petrified bodies that have been exhibited over the country have been proven to be nothing more or less than cleverly hewn stone images, that have won for their owners immense sums paid into exchequers by the credulous. The Cardiff giant is a case in point. This immense fraud was the work of several showmen and a clever stone cutter. The stone, brought from a Vermont quarry was hewn out into the shape of a giant somewhere in New York state and was finally buried on a farm in a hill in New York state. After it had been aged by exposure to the earth for several years it was "discovered," and placed on exhibition. And the beautiful feature of it was that learned professors of leading colleges, after careful examination, gave properly authenticated endorsement of the swindle, claiming that the remains were those of some giant of unknown prehistoric race. But the showmen, themselves, gave up the secret later, after quarreling over the proceeds. So clever was this imitation that the eyebrows had been carefully set where they belonged. This was a point not overlooked by the "gentlemanly agent" who exhibited the wonder.

Not one person in fifteen thousand of Toledo's population, probably, knows that, interred in Forest cemetery in Toledo, is the perfectly petrified body of a young woman, who, when she died was about twenty years old. So much for the stories that bodies do not petrify. It is quite obvious that the name of this person, and many of the facts incident to the death and burial must be kept secret, for the simple reason that even in this day of civilization there are people who would jump at the chance of stealing a petrified body for either scientific or exhibition purposes. Not many year ago this young woman died of a disease that baffled the physicians and they have not been able to figure it out yet. Because of the strange malady, and a fear of body snatchers, the parents of the young woman had the body placed in the cemetery receiving vault, and there, because of the strangeness of the case, it was allowed to remain in the vault for a year before it was finally interred. During all that time the features did not change; the smile of peaceful death hovered about the lips, the hectic flush of the cheeks changed only to an ashen pallor, but mortification did not set in. The body had undergone a transition, flesh had turned to stone and —a weight of perhaps 120 pounds had increased to the weight of a corresponding bulk of stone.

Much more marvelous was this change from flesh to stone than that sometimes observed when bodies after burial for from ten to twenty, thirty, or forty years, have been disinterred, and found to weigh like stone. More miraculous than those cases because, held in a receiving valut, encased in a supposedly air-tight coffin, no outer material could reach the bodies to change the condition, while bodies buried, particularly in a lime stone formation might be subject to the chemical changes due to drippings from the lime rock, which, if the bodies were in a receptive state, might result in encrustation. In this instance the change from flesh to stone might be considered almost supernatural. When buried, almost a year after death, the features were as of marble, the young girl as if asleep but an hour. But it took the perspiring efforts of a number of men to lower the coffin into the grave that awaited it.

No Grave Ghouls Here.

"Body-snatchers? Grave-robbers? No," said William Renz, superintendent of Forest cemetery. "I have never heard of a case of that kind in Toledo. It used to be a common occurrence, I expect, but it isn't necessary any more. The fact is that the medical colleges get all the corpses they need from other sources—from hospitals, from morgues, from infirmaries and asylums. In fact, there are a good many people, nowadays, who sell their bodies for a given sum to medical institutions before their death, so that there is no need for grave robbing."

It was intimated that years ago, so long ago that it doesn't make much difference if the charge is made now, that frequently it was found that cemetery officials were in league with medical colleges and that through them bodies were supplied "fresh from the grave" for a given sum. Thus it was that graves were robbed, the earth refilled, the mound heaped up and mourning relatives visited the graves for years afterward, believing that their loved ones lay beneath the sod, when the facts were much different.

Severed Arm Hurt.

Is there a connection between the nerve system of a human and the member of which he has been bereft? Not many years ago a Toledo man lost his right arm while employed on a railway. It was crushed away up at the shoulder and was amputated. Then the arm was buried. Several weeks later the wife of the man who had lost an arm called on the superintendent of the cemetery and declared that her husband was suffering untold pain and anguish. He felt that the buried arm had been interred in a twisted way so that it wrenched the muscles severely. The man who had lost the arm declared that he could feel the strain and pain and his anguish was pitiful to see. It was finally agreed to disinter the box that contained the member, and that was done. It was found that the arm was resting palm up, an unnatural position. It was turned over, placed palm down, and the victim of the accident has never since complained of pain in the absent member.

Another Queer Case.

Here is a similar case. A man lost a leg in a railway accident. It was interred. Shortly he complained at home that the lost leg pained him, as if it was being pounded and pulled unmercifully. The family appealed to the cemetery officials to disinter the leg on the plea of its owner. Feeling that it was only a superstition, but happy to satisfy the party, men were sent to the spot. Here it was found that the member, having been buried but shallowly, had been dug up by dogs, which were making a meal off the leg. It was at once buried very deeply. Since that time the man who lost it has made no complaint. People are asking—what is the connection?

In a city of Toledo's size, with its morning thousands, year in and year out, some queer complications and queer hallucinations crop out. One of the most frequent beliefs of mourners is that the graves of their beloved have been robbed of their dead. Frequently so insistent become the claims that nothing less than disinterment, thus exposing the coffins, will satisfy. But ninety-nine times out of a hundred the "mysteries" concerning cemeteries, with their weeping pines, that whistle only because the sighing wind blows through the branches, and their blue-white marble shafts pointing skyward, that would be blue-white under the same conditions if placed elsewhere, are easily solvable and do not stand the acid test.

Sensational Story Exploded.

Not long since a sensational story was published concerning a "Woman in Black," in a local cemetery, who like a ghost, rang the chapel bell in the deep, dark hours between midnight and dawn. She was supposed to have floated about among the gravestones very much like an ignus fatuus, or jack-o'-lantern, wailing beyond the soughing of the trees, and her voice in supplication. The truth was a very different story. A couple, without warrant, had entered the cemetery. Finally the woman cried out in alarm. The wife of the cemetery superintendent heard the outcry, failed to wake her husband, who is a sound sleeper, and as a last resort rang the chapel bell herself in the hope of bringing the policeman on the beat, who came. The last seen of the woman in black was that she was trying to climb a hedge fence in the moonlight to get away, a very fleshly, earthly creature, who failed utterly to "float." Very prosaic, in their last analysis, generally, are graveyard stories.

A Remarkable Russian Sect.

Dundee Advertiser.

Among the numerous religious sects in Russia, the most remarkable and influential are the Subbotniki or Sabbatarians. They first appeared in the reign of Catherine II, toward the end of the eighteenth century. The members of this sect practice the rite of circumcision, do not believe in Christ, accept only the Old Testament, and observe the Sabbath on Saturday. They also slaughter cattle and fowls according to the Jewish law, use praying shawls, and wear zizit (fringes), praying with covered heads from Hebrew prayer books, with a Russian translation. They are industrious, hospitable, and can read and write. Up to 1820 they lived, for the most part, in Moscow, Saratov, Tula, Orel, etc. In the reign of Alexander I they enjoyed freedom. Nevertheless, the Russian clergy of Mohilev killed about 150 Subbotniki and their leaders. The son of one of the leaders was tortured with hot irons, and then burned at the stake. In the reign of Nicholas I many wished to embrace Judaism, and settled in the Pale of Settlement (the Ghetto), but the government banished them to Siberia and the Caucasus. The Subbotniki number about 2,000,000, and dress like the orthodox Russians.

Seeing New York of Olden Time

CASTLE GARDEN IN THE OLDEN TIME

The story of Castle Garden is told in Tolman and Hemstreet's The Better New York in this way:

"In the early part of the nineteenth century a tiny island in the bay, just off Battery park, was fortified, when there were rumors of war, and became Fort Clinton. In the course of time, when it had come to be the year 1822, Governor's island became the military headquarters and Fort Clinton ceased to be a fort and became Castle Garden, a place of amusement. It was the scene, in 1824, of the reception to General Lafayette, and in 1851 its name was heard around the world when Louis Kossuth was received there and welcomed to America. The glories of the place faded in another five years, when it entered on a new life as a depot for the reception of immigrants. For this purpose it was used until 1891.

"Old Castle Garden, reconstructed internally beyond all knowing, but still retaining its familiar appearance of circular solidity, entered on a new stage in its history in 1896, when it became the home of the New York aquarium. It was befitting that the historic old building should thus house the largest public aquarium in the world, an aquarium that contains not only the largest single collection of living fish, but also the finest collection of tropical fish. Occupying the floor space are seven great pools, the largest of which is thirty-eight feet in length. Extending around the walls on the ground floor, as well is in the circular gallery, are a hundred or more wall tanks, where fish, from the ordinary and familiar to the most rare and remarkable, are shown as though they were animated illuminated paintings."

AS A MAN LIVES

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER XIX.

A Corner of the Curtain.

A note was brought in to me at luncheon time, addressed in a bold yet delicate feminine hand which was already becoming familiar. It was from Adelaide Fortress, and it consisted of a single line only—

"Will you come to me this afternoon?—A. F."

I went to see her without any hesitation. She was sitting alone in her room, and something in her greeting seemed to denote that she was not altogether at her ease. Yet she was glad to see me.

"Sit down, child," she said. "I have been thinking about you all day. I am glad that you came."

"Not very cheerful thoughts, then, I am afraid," I remarked, with a certain half-unconscious sympathy in my tone. For her face was white and drawn, as though she had spent a sleepless night and an anxious morning.

"Not very," she admitted. "I have been thinking about you ever since you left me yesterday. I am sorry for you. I am sorry for all of us. It was an evil chance that brought that South American girl here."

"Was she born in South America?" I asked, with pointed curiosity.

"I do not know," she answered. "I should think so. She told me that she had spent most of her life there. A girl who dresses as she does here, and wears diamonds in the morning, must have come from some outlandish place. Her toilette is not for our benefit, however."

I looked up inquiringly. She continued, with a slight frown upon her face—

"She follows Bruce Deville about everywhere. I never saw anything so atrociously barefaced. If he were her husband she could not claim more from him. They have just gone by together now."

"What! this afternoon?" I asked.

"Not a quarter of an hour ago," she declared. "She was holding his arm, and looking up at him with her great black eyes every moment. Bah! such a woman gives one a bad taste in one's mouth."

"I wonder that Mr. Deville is not rude to her," I remarked. "He does not seem to me a man likely to be particularly amicable under the circumstances. I should not think he would be very easily annexed."

She smiled faintly.

"From his general behavior one would not put him down as a willing squire of dames," she said; "but that girl is like a dog fawning for a bone. She will not let him alone. She waits about for him. She hates to have him out of her sight."

"Perhaps—perhaps it is a good thing. It might take her mind off other things," I suggested, softly.

"That is what I too am hoping," she admitted. "That is why I believe Bruce endures her. There is one thing only of which I am afraid."

"That is——" I asked.

"That she may send for a detective on her own account. Anything rather than that! The girl alone I think we might deal with."

"Mr. Deville must use all his influence. He must persuade her not to," I declared.

She assented.

"He will try. Yet for all her folly, so far as Bruce is concerned, she is not a perfect idiot. She knows that he is my friend—and yours—and she is desperately jealous. She will suspect his advice. She will not accept his bidding blindly. She is cunning. She will agree with him, and yet she will have her own way."

"He must be very firm," I said. "There must be no detective come here. It would be the last straw. As it is, the anxiety is terrible enough."

We were silent, and we exchanged quick and furtive glances. Something in her sad face moved me almost to tears—it was strangely soft, so full of subtle and deep sympathy. Involuntarily I leaned across and held out my hands to her. She caught them in hers with a little passionate gesture. That moment brought us into a new connection. Henceforth we were on a different footing.

"My child!" she moaned. "My poor child! You have a terrible burden upon your young shoulders."

"The burden I could bear," I answered, "if only I had some knowledge of its meaning. You know, you could tell me if you would."

I crossed to her side and fell upon my knees, taking her hand in mine. She looked away into the fire and her face was as white as death.

"I cannot," she faltered, with trembling lips. "I cannot! Don't ask me!"

"Oh! but I must!". I cried, passionately. "It cannot hurt me so much to know as it does not to know. You knew him as Philip Maltabar. Tell me what manner of man he was. Tell me why he has changed his name. Tell me what there was between him and——"

She had risen to her feet at my first words. She sat down again, now trembling in every limb.

"I cannot tell you any of these things," she moaned. "I am sorry I asked you to come. Go away! Please go away!"

But my mind was made up now, and the sight of her weakness only moved me on. I stood up before her white and determined—brutally reckless as to her sufferings. I would know now, though I forced the words from between her white lips. She was a strong woman, but she had broken down—she was at my mercy.

"I will not go away," I said, doggedly. "You sent for me, and I am here. I will not go away until you have told me everything. I have a right to know, and I will know! You shall tell me!"

She threw out her arms towards me with a gesture half pathetic, half imploring. But I made no movement—my face was hard, and I had set my teeth together. Her hands fell into her lap. I did not touch them. She looked moodily into the fire. She sat there with fixed eyes, like a woman who sees a little drama in the red coals. My heart beat fast with excitement. I knew that in the war of our wills I had conquered. She was at my mercy. I was going to hear.

"Child," she said, slowly, and her voice seemed to belong to another woman, and to come from a great distance, "I will tell you a story. Listen!"

I leaned over towards her holding my breath. Now at last, then, I was to know. Yet even in those moments of intense excitement the outline of her face, with its curious white torpor, oppressed me. A chill fear crept into my blood.

She began.

"There was a girl, well educated, well bred, and clever. She was an orphan, and early in life it became necessary for her to earn her own living. There were several things which she could do a little, but only one well. She could write. So she became a journalist.

"It was an odd life for her, but for a time she was happy. She herself was possessed of original ideas. She was brought into touch and sympathy with the modern schools of thought and manners. She was admitted into a brilliant little coterie of artists and literary men and women whose views were daringly advanced, and who prided themselves in living up to all they professed. She herself developed opinions. I will not dwell upon them; I will only tell you in what they ended. She set herself against the marriage laws. At first she was very strong and very bitter. The majority of men she hated for their cruelty to her sex. The thought of marriage disgusted her. Any ceremony in connection with it she looked upon as a farce. She had no religion in the ordinary sense of the word. She was brave and daring and confident. This was all before she knew what love was."

There was a silence, but I did not move my eyes from her face. Was she waiting for a word of encouragement from me, I wondered? If so, the silence must last for ever, for I was tongue-tied. She had created an atmosphere around her, and I could scarcely breathe. Presently she went on.

"The man came in time, of course. He was young, ardent, an enthusiast, fresh from college, with his feet on the threshold of life and eager for the struggle. He had a little money, and he was hesitating as to a profession. The girl was utterly free—she was her own mistress in every sense of the word. There was no constraint upon her movements, no conventionalities to observe, no one who could exercise over her even the slightest authority. The young man proposed marriage. The girl hesitated for a long while. Old ideas do not easily die, and she saw clearly, although not clearly enough, that if she sacrified them to these new opinions of hers she must suffer, as the pioneer of all great social changes must always suffer. Imperial dynasties and whole empires have been overthrown in a single day, but generations go to the changing of a single social law. Yet she told herself that if she were false to these tenets, which she had openly embraced and so often avowed, she must lose for ever her own self-esteem. The eyes of that little band of fellow-thinkers were upon her. It was a glorious opportunity. It was only for her to lead and many others would follow. She felt herself in a sense the apostle of those new doctrines in whose truth and purity she was a professed believer. That was how it all seemed to her.

"She told the man what her decision was. To do him justice, he combated her resolve fiercely. They parted, but it was only for a while. In such a struggle victory must rest with the woman. This was no exception to the general rule. The woman triumphed.

"Their after history is not pleasant telling. The woman and the man were utterly unsuited for each other. The man was an enthusiast, almost a fanatic; the woman was cold, calculating, and matter-of-fact. The man suddenly determined to enter the church. The woman was something between a pantheist and an agnostic with a fixed contempt of all creeds. The inevitable came to pass. She followed out the logical sequence of her new principles, and left the man for another."

I suppose my face expressed a certain horror. How could I help it? I shrank a little back, and my eyes sought her, doubtfully. She turned upon me with a shade of fierceness on her white face.

"Oh, you are a swift judge!" she cried. "It is the young always who are cruel! It is the young always who have no mercy!"

I was shocked at the agony which seemed to have laid hold of her. That slight instinct of repulsion of which she had been so quick to notice the external signs in my face, seemed to have cut her like a knife. I moved swiftly to her side and dropped on my knees by her. I was ashamed of myself.

"Forgive me!" I pleaded, softly. "I am very ignorant. I believe that the woman did what seemed right to her. I was wrong to judge."

She bent her head. I took her fingers softly into mine. "You were that woman," I whispered.

She looked at me and half rose from her chair, pushing me away from her.

"I was that woman," she moaned. "Your father was the man! You——"

I cried out, but she would not be interrupted.

"You," she added, wildly, "are my child—and his!"

CHAPTER XX.

I Am the Victim.

I rose to my feet and stood apart from her. For a moment it was like the end of the world—like the end of all sensation. I was trembling in every limb. I believed that I gasped for breath. She sat and looked at me. When I spoke my voice seemed to come from a long distance. I did not recognize it. My sense of my own identity seemed confused.

"I am the victim, then—the unhappy victim of your miserable theories!" I cried.

"And you are—oh! my God!—you are the weak spot in a faith of which I was once an ardent disciple," she said, quietly. "You made all the difference. When you came I knew that I had sinned. All my arguments seemed suddenly weak and impotent when I strove to bring them to bear upon the face of your existence."

"You should have married him—at once," I cried.

"It was too late," she answered. "He had separated himself from me forever by entering a profession which I despised. He had entered the church."

A horrible thought flashed into my mind.

"The other man," I whispered, with burning cheeks, for she was my mother.

She pointed out of the window—pointed along that narrow, hateful path which threaded the plantation. "He is dead," she faltered. "He died—there!"

By this time my sense of horror was almost numbed. I could speak almost calmly. I felt as though I was standing on the world's edge. Nothing more mattered. The end had come.

"My father killed him," I said, almost calmly.

She looked away from me and fixed her eyes upon a particular spot in the carpet.

"Ask no questions, child," she said, sadly. "You know enough now. There were some things which it were wiser for you not to know."

"It is true," I cried bitterly. "I have learnt enough for one afternoon—I have learnt enough to make me miserable forever."

The woman covered her face with her hands. It were as though a spasm of inward pain had distorted her features. She was suffering terribly. Yet at that time I had no thoughts of pity. I was merciless.

"You have learnt what has given you pain to hear, and what has given me much pain to confess," she said, slowly. "Confess," she repeated, slowly, and with unutterable bitterness. "That is a hateful word. I never foresaw the time when I should have to use it—to my own daughter! When one is young one is proud."

"You were short-sighted," I said, brutally.

Again she bowed her head and suffered. But what did I care? I was no heroine, and I never had any claim to gentleness of disposition or great unselfishness. I was simply an ordinary human being, confronted with a great humiliation. My heart was closed to hers. The wrong to myself seemed to loom above everything else. The interruption that was at hand was perhaps merciful. I might have said things which afterwards I should have blushed to have remembered. But at that moment there came a sound of voices in the hall. Bruce Deville was there and Miss Berdenstein.

We both rose up. Her coming was a surprise to us. She entered by his side in some embarrassment. Mr. Deville proceeded to explain her presence.

"I met Miss Berdenstein here, and persuaded her to come in with me," he said, in a brusque, matter-of-fact tone. "I took the liberty of assuring her that you would be glad to see her."

"You did quite right," Adelaide Fortress said, calmly. "I am very glad to see her."

She greeted the girl kindly, but in a subdued manner. As for me, I shook hands with her coldly and under protest. I was very much surprised that she should have come here, even at the instigation of Bruce Deville.

"I hope we are not too late for tea," he remarked, glancing around the room.

Adelaide Fortress rang the bell. I smiled faintly at a certain irony in the thought called up by his question. I had shaken hands with the girl unwillingly. We were to be enemies. I was sure of that, and I preferred open warfare.

Tea was brought in, and a little general conversation was started, in which I took no part. Presently he came over to my side. The other two were talking, the girl was relating some of her South American experiences to Adelaide Fortress, who was leaning back amongst the shadows.

"What made you bring her here?" I asked softly.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not? It is better to be on friendly terms with her. We know then what she is going to do."

"So you appear to think," I remarked, with some emphasis. "You seem to be progressing wonderfully. I congratulate you."

He laughed in my face.

"Oh, she is not at all uninteresting," he declared, "If you had seen as much of her as I have the last few days you would find her enchanting."

I looked at her contemplatively. Her little person was almost lost in a huge sealskin coat, and her ungloved hands were blazing with diamonds. As she talked her white teeth (she had beautiful teeth) gleamed, and her black eyes flashed in their sallow setting. She need not have troubled herself. I barely heard what Bruce Deville was saying to me; my answers to him were purely mechanical. I was scarcely conscious whether it was indeed I who was sitting there, within a few yards of that pale-faced, composed woman from whose lips only a few minutes ago I had heard that story which seemed to me yet like a dark, shadowy nightmare. The echoes of her passionate words seemed still lingering around the dimly lit room. Once or twice I raised my hand to my temples—my head was reeling. At last I could bear it no longer. The irony of small talk was too bitter. A sense of suffocation came over me. I rose to my feet and made my excuses.

Scarcely a word passed between the woman whom I had learnt to know as Adelaide Fortress and myself. I touched her fingers, and they were as cold as ice. Then, with a single look at her dark eyes, I left the room.

Bruce Deville followed me out. The girl, too, had sprung up, and was making her hasty adieux. Before she could leave the room, however, Bruce Deville had reached my side.

"I am coming home with you, Miss Ffolliot," he said, in my ear.

I did not answer him. We were half way down the path when Miss Berdenstein's shrill voice reached us.

"Mr. Deville!"

He paused. Involuntarily I stopped too.

"You will take me home, Mr. Deville, won't you" she said. "I couldn't possibly find the way by myself; and, besides, I should be terrified to death. It is so dark. I should not have dreamed of staying so late if I had been alone."

He muttered something profane under his breath. I started to walk on.

"Won't you be here when I come back," he inquired, brusquely. "I was only going a few steps with Miss Ffolliot."

"I am quite ready to start now," she answered; "and I have said good-by to Mrs. Fortress. I really don't see how I can stay any longer; and I dare not go a step alone. It is almost pitch dark. Shall I walk home with Miss Ffolliot and you first?"

I was almost out of hearing when she had finished, for at the commencement of her speech I had quickened my pace. When I clambered up the bank to reach the footpath I looked behind. They were walking along the road together—an oddly assorted couple. His shoulders were up—a bad sign—and he was taking long strides, to keep up with which she had almost to run, holding her skirts in both hands, and picking her way through the mud. Behind in the doorway of the Yellow House I saw a woman, pale and motionless, watching me with wistful, sorrowing eyes. But I turned my head and hurried away.

CHAPTER XXI.

Out of Danger.

I went straight to my father's room, with only a very confused sense of what I wanted to say to him floating in my mind. But to my amazement, when I had softly opened the door and stood inside the room, he was not upon the bed, or on the couch. The room was empty. I passed through into the drawing room with the same result. Then I retraced my steps down into the hall and saw that his hat was gone from the stand and also his overcoat.

I called to Alice, and she came out to me from our little drawing room.

"Where is father?" I cried, breathlessly. "He is not upstairs!"

She drew me into the room. Her round face was very sober, and her eyes were grave.

"He left for London a quarter of an hour ago," she declared, impressively.

"Left for London!" I repeated, bewildered. "Why, he was scarcely well enough to stand. Did he dress himself?"

"He was very weak, but he seemed perfectly well able to take care of himself," she answered. "A telegram came for him about half an hour ago. I took it up to his room, and he opened and read it without remark. He asked where you were, but I could only tell him that you were out. Directly afterwards I heard him getting up, and I went to the door of his room to see if I could help him. He told me that I was to order the dogcart, and that he was going away. I was too surprised to say a word."

My first impulse was unmistakable. It was a sense of great relief. Then I began to wonder what this Berdenstein girl would think. Would she connect it with her presence here? Would she think that he had gone away to avoid her? There was that risk, but it was no greater than the risk of her coming here some day and meeting him face to face. On the whole it was good news. It was a respite at any rate.

In the morning came a letter from him, dated simply London. He had been called away, he said, on some business, the details of which would not interest us, but it was a call which it would not have been his duty to have neglected. Immediately he had concluded it, he went on to say, he proposed to take a short vacation by the sea somewhere. Accordingly he had engaged a locum tenens, who was now on his way down, and he would write us again as soon as he had definitely decided where to go.

Alice and I laid down the letter with varying thoughts. To her, ignorant of any reasons for conduct which was on the face of it somewhat eccentric, it brought some concern. With me it was different. I was at once relieved and glad. I had arrived at that acutely nervous and overwrought state when even a respite is welcome. The explanations between us were for the present necessarily postponed, and, at any rate, I could meet Olive Berdenstein now without trembling. It was the truth which I had to tell. My father was not here. I did not know where he was. She could come and search for him.

Yet that was a time of fierce disquiet with me. To settle down to any manner of work seemed impossible. Later in the day I went out into the garden, and the cool touch of the soft, damp wind upon my face tempted me past the line of trees which hemmed in our little demesne out into the muddy road and across to the broad expanse of green common which was really a part of the Deville home park. As I stood there, bareheaded, with the wind blowing through my hair and wrapping my skirts around me, I could see in the distance a man coming on horseback from the Court. I stood still and watched him. There was no mistaking the man or horse—Bruce Deville on his great chestnut—though they were half a mile away. Then, as I stood there waiting for him, a sudden darkness came into the faintly sunlit air, a poisoned darkness—the poison of a hideous thought. I turned away and plunged into the plantation on my left, flying along the narrow footpath as though the thought had taken to itself the shape of some loathsome beast and was indeed pursuing me, close on my heels. In less than five minutes I was standing breathless before Adelaide Fortress. She was looking white and ill. When she came into the room she threw across at me a glance which was almost supplicatory. Her firm lips trembled a little. Her eyes were soft and full of invisible tears.

"Is it bad news?" she faltered. "You have been running. Sit down."

I shook my head.

"No. Another question, that is all. Mr. Deville?"

She looked puzzled for a moment. Then she drew herself up and stood a little way from me. Her firm, dark eyebrows resolved themselves into a frown. Some subtle instinct, quick to fly backwards and forwards between us two, had helped her towards the meaning of my words.

"Mr. Bromley Deville, Mr. Deville's father, was my father's oldest friend," she said, slowly. "Bruce and I were children together, and except that I, of course, was five years the elder, we were great friends. Mr. Bromley Deville was my father's executor, and since his death Bruce has taken his place."

A great relief had suddenly eased my heart. I drew a little breath, but she looked as if I had struck her a blow.

"How is your father?" she asked. "Is there any news?"

I nodded.

"He is better; he is gone away."

She started.

"Gone away? Where to?" she added, quickly.

"To London, and from there he is going to the sea," I told her. "He does not say where. He is sending a locum tenens. I do not think that he will return here at all. We want him to go straight to Eastminster."

She too seemed to share my relief, but my first thoughts were hers too.

"What will that girl say?"

"I cannot tell," I answered; "she may be suspicious. At any rate we have a reprieve."

"You have not spoken—to him yet."

"No; he had gone when I returned last night. I was glad of it."

We stood face to face looking at one another in silence. The faint color was coming and going in her cheeks, and her hands were nervously clasping the back of a chair. Where she stood the few rays of wintry sunlight which had found their way into the room were merciless to her. They showed up the little streaks of gray in her hair and the hollows in her cheeks. The lines of acute and bitter heart-pain were written into her worn face. My heart grew soft for the first time. She had suffered. Here was a broken life indeed. Her dark, weary eyes were raised eagerly to mine, yet I could not offer her what I knew so well she desired.

I was forced to speak. Her silence was charged with eloquent questioning.

"Won't you—give me a little time to realize what you have told me?" I said, hesitatingly. "I have grown so used to think that Alice's mother was mine—that she was dead—that I cannot realize this all at once. I don't want to be cruel, but one has instincts and feelings, and one can't always control them. I must wait."

So I went away, and in the Vicarage lane I met Bruce Deville walking towards me with his horse's bridle through his arm. He was carrying a fragrant bunch of violets, which he held out a little awkwardly.

"I don't know whether you will care for these," he said; "I don't know much about flowers myself. The gardener told me they were very fine, so I thought you may as well have them as——"

"As let them spoil," I laughed. "Thank you very much, Mr. Deville. They are beautiful."

He frowned for a moment, and then, meeting my eye, laughed.

"I am afraid I am awfully clumsy," he said, shortly. "Let me tell you the truth. I went all through the houses to see if I could find anything fit to bring you, and I knew you preferred violets."

"It was very nice of you," I said; "but what about Olive Berdenstein? Doesn't she like violets?"

He opened his mouth, but I held up my hand and stopped him; he had so much the look of a man who is about to make a momentary lapse into profanity.

"Don't say anything rude, please. Where is she this morning?"

"I don't know," he answered, grimly. "Somewhere about, no doubt."

"It should be a lesson to you," I remarked, smiling at him, "not to go about indulging in romantic adventures. They generally have a tire-some ending, you know. Do you always make such easy conquests, I wonder?"

He stopped short, and looked at me with darkened face.

"Is there any necessity," he asked, "for you to go out of your way to irritate and annoy me?"

I ignored him for a moment or two.

"She is very rich," I remarked. "Have you seen her diamonds?"

He rested his hand upon his horse and sprang into the saddle. From his great height there he looked down upon me with a dark frown and angry eyes.

"I wish you good morning, Miss Ffolliot," he said. "My company is evidently distasteful to you."

I laughed at him, and laid my hand upon his horse's bridle. "I can assure you that it isn't," I declared. "I was very glad to see you indeed. Please get down, you have too much an advantage of me up there."

He got down at once, but his face had not altogether cleared.

"Look here, Miss Ffolliot," he said, looking at me steadfastly out of his keen, gray eyes, "I do not wish to have you talk to me in that way about that young woman. I do not think it is quite fair. I suppose it is what girls call chaff, but you will kindly remember that I am too stupid, if you like, always to know when you are in earnest and when you are not, so please don't do it. If I am with Miss Berdenstein at all please remember that it is for your sake. I hate reminding you of it, but you make me."

"You are quite right, Mr. Deville," I said. "Please do not think that I am not grateful. Now let me tell you the news. My father has gone away."

"Gone away! Where? For how long?" he said, quickly.

"He has gone first to London," I answered; "where he was going to afterwards he did not seem absolutely sure himself. He spoke of going to sea somewhere for a vacation. We are trying to arrange for him not to come back here at all. I should like him to go straight to Eastminster."

"It is a great relief," he said, promptly; "it was the very best thing he could do. He did not even tell you that he was going then?"

"I had no idea of it. He went quite suddenly while I was out. We had a letter from him this morning. I wonder—what she will say?"

"I do not think she will trouble to go in search of him," he answered. "I do not think that her suspicions are really aroused in connection with your father. She is an odd, changeable sort of girl. I daresay she will give up this quest before long."

"I hope so," I answered. "It would be a great relief to have her go away."

There was a short silence between us. We were standing by the Vicarage gate, and my hand was upon the latch.

"I wonder," he said, abruptly, "whether you would not walk a little way with me. It is such a fine day, and you look a little pale."

I hesitated.

"But you are riding," I said.

"That is nothing," he answered, briskly. "Mama follows me like a lamb. We will walk along the avenue. I want you to see the elm trees at the top."

We started off at once. There was nothing very remarkable about that walk, and yet I have always thought of it as a very memorable one. It gave a distinct color to certain new ideas of mine concerning my companion. We talked all the time, and that morning confirmed my altering impressions of him. Lady Naselton had spoken of him as rough and uncultured. He was neither. His lonely life and curious brusqueness were really only developed from mannerism into something more marked by a phase of that intellectual tiredness which most men ape but few feel. He had tried life, and it had disappointed him, but there was a good deal more of the cosmopolitan than the "yokel" in him.

For me it was a delightful time. He talked of many books and countries which had interested me with a perfectly bewildering familiarity. The minutes flew along. I forgot all these troubles which had come so thick upon me as we walked side by side over the soft, spongy turf, sometimes skirting clumps of faded heather. But our walk was not to terminate altogether without incident. As we turned the corner, and came again within sight of the Vicarage gate, we found ourselves face to face with Olive Berdenstein.

She stopped short when she saw us, and her face grew dark and angry. She was a strange-looking figure as she stood there in the middle of the lane waiting for us—a little over-dressed for Sunday morning parade in the park. For a country walk her toilette was only laughable. The white lace of her skirt was soiled and bedraggled with mud. One of her little French shoes had been cut through with a stone, and when we came in sight she was limping painfully. Her black eyes flashed upon us with a wicked fire. Her lips trembled. The look she darted upon me was full of malice. She was in a furious temper, and she had not the wit to hide it. It was to him she spoke first.

"You said that you would call for me—that we would walk together this morning," she said to him in a low, furious tone. "I waited for you one, two hours. Why did you not come?"

He answered her gruffly.

"I think that you must be mistaken," he said. "There was no arrangement. You asked me to call; I said I would if I could. As it happened, I could not; I had something else to do."

"Something else! Oh, yes! so I see," she answered, with a short, hysterical little laugh, and a glance of positive hatred at me. "Something more pleasant! I understand; we shall see. Miss Ffolliott, you are on your way home now, I presume. I will, with your very kind permission, accompany you. I wish to see your father. I will wait in your house until he can see me. If you deny me permission to enter, I will wait for the doctor. He shall tell me whether your father is not strong enough to answer the one single question, and if the doctor, too, be in your plot and will not answer me reasonably, I will go to a magistrate at once. You see I am determined. If you would like to finish your amiable conversation, I will walk behind—or in front—whichever you like. Better in front, no doubt—Ha! ha! But I will come; I am determined."

She ceased breathless, her eyes on fire, her lips curled in a malicious smile. It was I on whom she had vented her passion. It was I who answered her.

"You can come with me to the Vicarage, if you like," I said coldly; "but you will not find my father. He has gone away."

"Gone away," she repeated, incredulously. For a moment she looked black.

"Gone away! Oh, indeed; That is good; that is very clever. You have arranged that very well. Yesterday he was too ill to see me—to answer one little question. Today he is well enough to travel—he is gone away. Good! he has gone. I can follow."

She pursed up her lips and nodded her head at me vigorously. She was white with rage.

"You are welcome to do anything which seems reasonable to you," I answered, with at any rate a show of firmness. "Mr. Deville, I will say good afternoon. It is time I was at home."

He kept by my side with the obvious intention of seeing me to the gate; but as we passed the girl she told hold of his arm.

"No! I say no! You shall not leave me like this! You are treating me shamefully, Mr. Deville. Am I not right? That girl is hiding her father from me. She is helping him away that he may not tell of the man who killed my brother! You will take my part; you have always said that you were sorry for me. Is every one to be my enemy? You, too! It is justice that I want! That is all!"

He threw here delicately gloved hands off roughly.

"What nonsense!" he declared. "I have been sorry for you, I am sorry for you now; but what on earth is the good of persecuting Miss Ffolliot in this manner? Her father has been ill, and, of course, he has not desired to be bothered by strangers. You say you wanted to ask him a question. Be reasonable; he has answered it by letter. If you saw him, he could only repeat his answer. He has only been here for a few months. I have lived here all my life, and I tell you that there is no one by the name of Maltabar in the county."

"There was the photograph in that cabinet," she persisted—"within a few yards of the spot where he was killed. I know that Philip Maltabar hated him. I know that he would have killed him if he could."

"But what has all this to do with Mr. Ffolliot?" he persisted.

"Well, I begged him to see me," she urged, doggedly. "He is the clergyman of the parish, and he certainly ought to have seen me if I wished it. I don't understand why he should not. I want advice; and there are other things I wanted to see him about. I am sure that he was kept away from me."

"You are very silly indeed," Bruce Deville said, emphatically. "Surely his health was more important than the answering a question for you which has already been answered by people in a much beter position to know. As to advice, mine has always been at your service. I have been ready to do anything for you in reason."

"You have been very good," she said, with trembling lips, "but——"

"You must excuse me now," he interrupted, "I have something to say to Miss Ffolliot."

"I am going in," I answered. "Please do not come any further. Good-bye."

I nodded to him, the girl I ignored. If a glance could have killed me, I should have been a dead woman. I left them alone and went on up to the house. Somehow I did not envy her Mr. Deville's society for the next quarter of an hour.

(To Be Continued)

THE SLAVE of SILENCE

BY F. M. WHITE

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

A deadly faintness came over Beatrice. Torn and distracted as she had been of late, this last discovery was almost too much for her. She could only stand there with her hand upon her heart to still its passionate beating.

Yes, it was her father, beyond the shadow of a doubt. How he got there Beatrice could not possibly have told. He was looking just the same as when Beatrice had seen him last, save that his clothes were not so neat and he had not been shaved for some days. He seemed quite resigned to the situation, although his expression was cross and irritable. He motioned to Beatrice to shut the door.

"Why don't you close the door?" he demanded. "Suppose anybody saw me?"

Beatrice was getting back some of her self-possession by this time. She closed the door and then took her seat on the ed

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puzzles me. Name of Bentwood. Sartoris was in the room, too. He told me that I had been found wandering about, and he told me that I was in danger of immediate arrest. When I suggested sending for Richford, he said that Richford had come to grief, and that the police were after him. Altogether, my dear child, my situation was not one to be envied."

"I quite understand that," Beatrice said not without sarcasm.

"My dear, it was dreadful. Richford had come to grief. So far as I knew to the contrary, my only child was mated to a felon. Think of the mental agony!"

"I don't think we need dwell on that." Beatrice said with some traces of scorn in her voice. "You always knew that Stephen Richford was a scoundrel. He was not the less of a scoundrel because he could give me a position as the wife of a rich man, and because he could free you from a great and terrible danger. My mental agony counted for something, too."

"I should think it did," Sir Charles said pompously. "I find that you were married, that all the papers were talking of my strange disappearance. Strangely enough, I never could get a sight of a daily newspaper. I don't know why. At any rate, you were married. Richford had come to grief, and this was in hourly expectation of arrest. It was at this point that my friend Carl Sartoris came in. He kept me safe, he insisted upon giving me £500 for those concessions, which really was a delicate way of finding me the money to leave the country. Everything was arranged for my departure when the police came to the house of my friend Sartoris and took him off too. Directly I found that out, that something was wrong there, I crept away from the house, and here I am."

Sir Charles held out his hands helplessly. He always expected other people to do things for him. Beatrice began to see her side of the case. Richford was dead, and the large sum of money that he had promised Sir Charles was no longer available. And Beatrice recalled the night of the dinner party, when her father had taken her to the window, and had shown her the two men watching silently below. The danger was just as great as ever; it was just as imperative that Sir Charles should leave the country.

Out of the whirling emotion in Beatrice's head order began to be restored. Everybody, so far as the girl knew, believed her father to be dead. The body had been spirited away for some reason known to Sartoris and his colleagues; nobody ever expected to see Sir Charles again. If he could slip out of the country now, and go abroad, the danger would be averted. Beatrice began to see her way to manage the thing.

"I will do what I can," she said. "You have that £500 intact? Very good. But there are some things that I am bound to tell you. People who are in a position to know, say that your mining concessions are very valuable indeed."

"Worth absolutely nothing," Sir Charles said. "Tried it before. Besides, if they were worth a lot of money, it is impossible to work the mine. The country is too disturbed and dangerous for anything of that kind. Besides, I have sold the concessions, and there is an end of it. Even without a business mind you can see that."

"All the same, I feel pretty sure that I am right," Beatrice said. "My dear father, you have been the victim of a strange conspiracy. You had not taken too much wine that night, but you were drugged by some mineral or vegetable in such a manner that the next day you were taken for dead. I did not know that fact till I was married; indeed, the news was kept from me and brought to me at church. The man whom you regard as your benefactor wanted certain papers of yours, and the doctor. Bentwood was going to do the drugging. It was done too well; you were regarded as dead. Then, for some reason or other, probably because it was necessary for you to sign certain papers—your body was stolen, and you were taken, still in a state like death, to the house of Carl Sartoris at Wandsworth."

"God bless my soul, you don't really mean it?" Sir Charles cried.

"Indeed I do," Beatrice went on. "This Bentwood is a doctor who is an expert in the miracles and the hocus pocus of the east. The drug they administered to you is not known in England; the thing has never been seen here. I understand that they could have kept you in a state of suspended animation as long as they pleased. But they desired to see you in the flesh again so that you could sign that paper relating to those mines."

"I signed the paper this very morning," Sir Charles cried. "But I don't understand it all. Begin at the beginning and tell me all over again."

Beatrice did so, but it was a long time before her father appeared to comprehend. When he did so he was utterly incapable of seeing what Carl Sartoris had had in his mind.

"I can see that they didn't want to murder me," he said. "A post-mortem would have prevented that part of the scheme that required my signature—hence the daring theft of my body. But the main thing is that I have made £500 by the transaction."

Beatrice's lip curled scornfully.

"I had hoped that you would have taken another view of the case," she said. "I am afraid that you will never alter, father. Richford is dead, and I am free from him. Sartoris is dead, also, so we shall never know what his ultimate designs were. I don't see that you can keep that money under the circumstances, father."

Sir Charles was emphatically of a different opinion. Besides, as he pointedly put it, how was he going to get away without funds?

"I had forgotten that side of the matter," Beatrice said. "But I am not without friends. There is Mark Ventmore, for instance. If I were to ask him—"

"You are not to do anything of the kind," Sir Charles said angrily. "How on earth am I going to restore this money to Sartoris when the poor fellow is dead? He may not have a single relative in the world, for all I know. The money is honestly mine, and it is sufficient to take me out of this accursed country where detectives are waiting for me at every corner. And now you want to bring Mark Ventmore into it."

"Mark is the soul of honor," Beatrice said. "I am sure that he——"

"Has been in the past a confounded nuisance," Sir Charles interrupted. "It looks as if he were going to be just as much trouble in the future."

"He is the man I am going to marry," Beatrice said quietly. "I offered my life to save you and your good name, and a merciful providence released me from the sacrifice. Next time, I please myself. I shall never marry anybody but Mark."

"Of course you won't," Sir Charles said, in an aggrieved voice. "If you had never seen Mark Ventmore you would have been married to Richford a year ago, in which case I should not stand in my present awkward position. But we are only wasting time. Help me on with this beard and then walk as far as the hall with me. Then you can give me a kiss, and I'll take a cab and give you my blessing."

Beatrice said nothing. She would keep his secret. And all the world should hear that Sir Charles had been the victim of a calamity that could not be solved.

CHAPTER XL.

Therefore there was nothing to be done. Perhaps after the lapse of years Mark might be told the strange sequel to the story. Sir Charles might be visited from time to time in the place where he would choose to hide himself. It would be by no means an enviable fate for a man who had lived and enjoyed the world as Sir Charles had done, but he must lie on the bed that he had made.

"It shall be exactly as you say," Beatrice said. "One moment and I will be with you again. I have some friends, downstairs, who will wonder at my long absence. I will go and make some excuse for you. Perhaps you had better come to the foot of the stairs."

At the foot of the stairs leading to the great hall, Mark stood waiting. At the sight of him Sir Charles drew back, muttering something by no means complimentary to the young man, under his breath.

"I'll stay in the bedroom till he has gone," he said, as he stepped back.

Beatrice hoped that her face did not betray signs of very much agitation. All the same, she rather wondered why Mark looked at her so very fixedly. Perhaps it was an uneasy conscience that was troubling the girl. Mark's first words startled her.

"So you have been the first to find it out?" he said.

"Find out what?" Beatrice stammered. "I—I don't understand what you mean.

"My dear girl, why try to blind me to the truth? Field told me Berrington actually knows that your father was concealed at 100 Audley Place. And I know all about that disgraceful city business, because my father told me all about it. Sir Charles has come back, he was with you just now; he is going to make his way to the continent."

Beatrice had no reply for the moment; her face was red with shame.

"Forgive me, she whispered at length. "You have guessed everything. I suppose it was your quick instinct that told you my companion was my father. But, my dearest Mark, cannot you see that he must fly? He has the money from Sartoris——"

"Who gave it him on purpose," Mark said eagerly. "Who bought a valuable thing for a mere song, thus putting a fortune in his pocket, and getting Sir Charles out of the way for good and all, at the same time. My dearest child, whatever your father may think or say, those ruby mine concessions are of fabulous value. My father has gone into the matter carefully, and he is prepared to back his opinion by large sums of money. My father is never wrong in these things. There is a fortune here for Sir Charles and also for Miss Decie. Let your father come out and say that he has been the victim of swindlers who had resolved to get his property from him. Let him call on my father, who tomorrow will give him a cheque for ten times the amount required to get him out of all his trouble. I can guarantee that."

"You mean to say that your father is actually prepared——"

"Certainly he is—on condition that Sir Charles and he are equal partners. I'll go and get my father to come round here now. Only I'll see Sir Charles first."

Beatrice would have dissuaded him, but he would take no refusal. He burst into the bedroom of the discomfited baronet and asked him to remove his disguise. Sir Charles was too weak to do more than remonstrate in a gentlemanly way, but his troubled face grew clear as Mark proceeded with the argument. The sanguine side of the baronet's nature came up again.

"Really, my dear boy, this is exceedingly kind of you," he said. "Fact is, I had not the least idea that I was being treated in a really scandalous manner. I regarded Sartoris as a thoroughly good fellow who was going out of his way to do me a service. And if your father says that those mines are valuable, I am prepared to believe him, for there is no shrewder judge in the city. As Sartoris is dead, that deed that I signed falls to the ground."

"It would fall to the ground in any case," Mark said, "seeing that it was obtained by fraud. Now be so good as to dress yourself properly, and I will take a cab and go and fetch my father. The whole business can be settled on the spot."

Mark went off, Beatrice saying that she must go back to Mary Grey.

She hung lovingly on the arm of Mark as they crossed the corridor. The light was low there and nobody was about.

"I hope you are going to forgive me, dear," she said. "I came very near to paying a heavy penalty for not trusting in you, Mark. But everything is going my way now."

"Our way," Mark protested. "I don't care whether anybody is looking or not, I am going to kiss you, dearest. You have always belonged to me and to nobody else. I cannot possibly regard you in the light of Stephen Richford's widow. If I were you, I would not say anything to the others until after I have settled matters between your father and mine. Let Mary Grey have a good night's rest, and pack her off to bed as soon as possible."

Mary was safely in bed and asleep before Mark came back. Berrington stayed long enough for Beatrice to tell him exactly what had happened. The melancholy shade that Beatrice had seen so long on Berrington's face had vanished altogether.

"My poor little girl is going to have peace and happiness at last," he said, with a deep thrill in his voice. "We shall value it all the more because we have waited for it so long, so that the three years of our probation will not be altogether wasted. I expect there will be a good deal of talk about Carl Sartoris for a few days to come, but that need not concern Mary, who has never been identified with that scoundrel, and whose name is Grey, after all. In the course of a few days I am going to take Mary away and we shall be married very quietly. I am determined to try to get the roses back to her cheeks again."

"I hope you will be happy, as you deserve to be," Beatrice said with some emotion. "But I shall be sorry to lose two such good, kind friends, and——"

"You are not going to lose us," Berrington said. "I am going to give up soldiering altogether. I have only carried it on for the last few years, because I needed something to keep me from brooding over my troubles. I am going to settle down on my property at last. Good night."

Beatrice shook Berrington warmly by the hand, and he kissed her little fingers. He had barely departed before Mark was back with a little wiry man with a keen face and a pair of grey eyes that seemed to see into everything.

"So this is Beatrice," he said, as he shook hands. "You must let me call you that, my dear, because you are going to be my daughter, Mark tells me. I am a plain man who has more or less lived for business all his life, but begins to see lately that business is not everything. It does not make happiness, for instance. When I was ill I began to see that. But at any rate the result of my business can make others happy."

Beatrice blushed and smiled. She began to see that she was going to like Mark's father very much indeed. In quite a natural way she kissed him. The little gray man beamed with pleasure.

"Now, that was real nice of you," he said. "Mark has a great deal more sense and discretion than I gave him credit for. He is making a name for himself, too. But you can't live on that kind of thing, at least not at first, and I'm going to give Mark 5,000 pounds a year, on condition that he takes a pretty little place in the country, where I can come and see you week ends. My dear, I feel that we are going to be very good friends indeed."

"I am quite certain of it," Beatrice said with tears in her eyes. "Everybody is so good to me. I can't think why, but they are."

"You'll find out if you look at yourself in the glass," Mr. Ventmore laughed. "There the secret lies. Not a bad compliment, eh, from a man who never tried his hand at that kind of thing before? And now let me go and see that father of yours. Did I bring my cheque-book, Mark?"

Mark gaily answered his father that he did, and together the two went up the stairs. When they came down at length, there was an expression on the face of Mr. Ventmore that showed that he was by no means displeased with himself. Sir Charles was whistling an opera tune and was regarding a cigar with an air of critical attention.

"Everything is settled," he said. "Those City people will be paid off tomorrow, and I shall be free of them altogether. I shall never touch business again, Beatrice; this has been a lesson to me. And if not a rich man, I shall be very comfortably off. Whatever luxuries you may need in the future will not have to be schemed for. My dear girl, will you order a chicken and some salad and a pint of some good dry champagne to be brought here? I'm particularly ravenous with hunger. Wonderful how one's appetite comes back when you get your mind free from worry. And to think of those concessions being of that value, after all. Ring the bell, please."

The next day was a good one for the evening papers. Sir Charles was interviewed till he was hot and angry and disposed to order his tormentors out of the room. Scotland Yard had its own version of the case, too, which was not quite in accordance with the real facts. But as Berrington said, the excitement soon cooled down, and the next sensation drove the recollection of Sir Charles' wonderful experience out of the public mind. Sir Charles and his daughter went off to the country, so as to escape so much attention, and Berrington and Mary Grey went along. At the end of the week there was a wedding at the pretty church in the village, and Mary was happy at last. Mark and Beatrice would have to wait six months or so, because there was public opinion to be thought of, though as a matter of fact the thing was the most empty form.

"I hope we shall be as happy as they are," Mark said as he and Beatrice watched the train slowly glide into the darkness. "They have earned it, too."

"I think we both have," Beatrice said. "But don't look backward, especially on a day like this. Let us go into the big wood, and pick daffodils."

And in the train Berrington had gathered his wife to his heart and kissed her tenderly. He looked down into the soft eyes from which the shadow had gone for ever.

"And you are happy at last, darling?" he said; "though you are very silent."

"Silent, yes." Mary said, quietly. "Quiet, too. But, thank God, no longer the Slave of Silence!"

(THE END.)

A FINE Deafness Treatment FREE

Because I have been so successful in curing Deafness, and because my heart aches for its victims, I am going to GIVE AWAY a Free Treatment for Deafness to every sufferer who asks for it. Surely this is a present worth having. Out of my sincere desire to relieve human suffering, and out of the consciousness of my power to cure Deafness, I gladly make you this gift. My treatment has cured thousands of people of the most distressing, wearing head noises and restored their full, perfect hearing. Write for the treatment today, and give me the opportunity to show how YOU MAY BE CURED, RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME.

Do you realize the terrible fate which is staring you in the face? Do you know what total Deafness means? It means a living death. Shut out from all human intercourse—the worlds of business and pleasure, life becomes a fearful blank.

Will you suffer this untold misery and loneliness when you may have your full sense of hearing quick and acute? I have rescued thousands from Deafness. I can rescue YOU, if you come before it is too late.

All I ask is that you will act Now. Don't hesitate or it may be too late to help you. My success has been great, and applicants for treatment are many, so that I can only make this offer a very short time. Remember this treatment for Deafness is given to you without any charge whatever. It is absolutely free. Send off Now, in this mail, a post card or letter request with your name and address upon it, and I will send you free treatment for Deafness.

Deafness Specialist Sproule,
43 Trade Bldg., Boston, Mass.

CURE FOR INDIGESTION

Read What We Will Do for All Sufferers of Indigestion, Sick Headache and All Forms Stomach Trouble.

Send 10c to cover cost of mailing, etc., and we will send WITHOUT FURTHER CHARGE a $1.00 ABSORPTION TREATMENT. Sponge-a plaster that will cure—works like magic on the solar plexus, which is the center of the sympathetic nerve system that controls the digestive organs. Write us NOW and we will save you days and weeks of misery! Address Ohio Remedy Co., Box 30, Sta. F., Toledo, O.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

HOW RELIGION GROWS

The International Sunday School Lesson for March 21 Is a Quarterly Review.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Truth is of interest to most persons only in its present relations. None but a few rare souls care for truth in the abstract, and dissociated from time and place. Even historical truth has its chief value as it is linked to the present. The reason for the weekly study of the Sunday school lesson by twenty-five millions of persons is not the desire to acquire a certain amount of historical data so much as it is to obtain motive power for current conduct, and light upon contemporaneous problems. The life depicted in the old Book is needed as a help for the life that is lived in this year 1909. For three months the Sunday schools have been working in the Book of Acts, considering the beginning of Christianity. Now at the end of the quarter, they pause for a backward look.

The story unfolded in these nine chapters is the story of an expanding church. At once the observing reader is struck by the parallel between this ancient narrative and present conditions in some mission lands. A perfectly proper as well as an eminently interesting method of presenting the underlying truths of the quarter's lesson is by a frank contemplation of modern missionary growth, ever keeping in mind, of course, this first missionary story.

The Romance of Korea

A mere handful of inconsiderable persons held the foreground in the opening of this story. The faith-filled company of disciples was very small. They were like the apparently negligible missionary force that has dared to go up against entrenched error in many lands. Yet as a result of their character and teaching and witness, a multitude of others were influenced in the succeeding ten years, and the little church grew like a snowball, even as it has grown in the past dozen years in Korea.

The romance of Korea should be an ever-recurring theme in Christian churches. There the reality of Christ, and the power of his Gospel, have taken hold of the lives of the natives in transforming fashion. The very faces of the Christians show that they possess a treasure which old Korea never knew. In consequence, it is their meat and drink to tell the story of the Gospel. Now there is in Korea a church of more than one hundred thousand members, that may be said to constitute the dominating factor in the nation's life. Even Prince Ito recognizes this so clearly that a few days ago he dismissed a member of the Korean cabinet for criticising the missionaries, saying that the critic did not know what he was talking about. Many persons are prophesying that Korea will be the first of the Oriental nations to be wholly Christianized, and that it will, in turn, be the evangelist of the Orient.

Some Wonder of Missions.

The conspicuous event in the early church was Pentecost. This is a stumbling block to the materially minded. Simply because "spiritual things are spiritually discerned," they can find no parallel or rational explanation for this supernatural enduement of the infant church. Just so recent events in India, China and Korea have staggered observers. The first equipment of a strong, growing church must be a profound and memorable spiritual experience.

There have been in the growing Christian community of Northern India such manifestations of the presence of the Divine Spirit as are almost too strange to be told to Occidental ears. I heard Bishop Warne, Methodist Episcopal bishop of India, narrating some experiences in the Indian Ocean to great congregations in Ocean Grove last summer. In conversation with him afterward, I asked why he had not described certain phases of the revival about which we had talked together in India. He frankly admitted that the American churches were scarcely able to bear such testimony; their incredulity would hinder the effect of his message, so he had to feed them with milk rather than with meat.

Up in sordid, material, unimaginative Manchuria there is at present in progress a revival like unto nothing which the western world knows. Whole villages are gripped by a spiritual power; strong men fall prostrate and writhing, confessing their sins and crying aloud for mercy. Christians are being baptized with a consciousness of peace and joy which sends them gladly out to neighboring villages as evangels of their faith. Of like fashion and even more extensive, was the revival that began to sweep over Korea two years ago, purifying the native church, causing men to bring forth fruits meet for repentance and confounding skeptics everywhere.

Inexplicable all this may be upon grounds of human reasoning, yet no man ready to accept credible testimony can doubt it. It is the infant church's Pentecost repeated: also, it would seem to be in order that, like the company of disciples of old, they may be equipped for the propaganda of their faith.

Persecution and Progress

Easy times make soft characters. The sturdiest Christians are those who are called upon to stand and withstand most for the sake of the Name. The deepest prosperity and steadiest development of the Christian church have been in the face of adverse conditions. Men prize the truth for which they must suffer. Throughout all the ages the principle has been held true, even as it did in Jerusalem, that the fidelity of persecuted Christians has meant the substantial development of the church.

Opposition attracts attention. It makes Christianity a living issue. When men have to fight for their faith they, and the world around them, begin to realize its significance. Unbelievers are won to a religion which is worth suffering for. The eternal appeal to the heroic has its effect. A young Philadelphia churchman has gone to India to be a friar, or Christian Sadhu, or "holy man." His method is to seek out the worst possible places—plague villages, pest camps, leper settlements and such like—and there give himself to the service of the lowest—to the men utterly beyond caste. He will be spat upon, reviled, despised by the natives. In a short time, however, they discovered that persecution could not shake him, and that the more they reviled him the kindlier he became. This spirit broke their opposition. The village that treated him worst soon was beseeching him to remain with them permanently as their "holy man." Already he has had conspicuous successes in the way of converts won to Christ.

Winning by Witnessing.

Up in a village near Sendai, Japan, the town drunkard became a Christian. His wife followed suit. Straightway such a transformation in his character ensued that the whole community took notice. The result was that the entire community turned to Christianity, either with respect and deference, or in open conviction and conversion. The apostolic method of increasing the Christian church was by the witness of the disciples. Every Christian testified to his faith. This he made his chief business in life.

The same principle holds true in Korea. There it is a common thing for a man to move his home and business from a Christian village, off to a non-Christian village, in order that he may there be a witness and teacher of the Jesus way.

One of the missionary bishops of China was surprised to have a request from a theological student that he be permitted to go to a certain part if China after his training had been completed. He explained his unusual request by saying that during the Boxer days of 1900 his family had lived in that town. His Christian father was called out by the Boxers and given his choice of recanting or perishing. When he remained faithful he was cut down. Then his mother was brought out into the road and shown the dismembered body of her husband, and bidden to burn incense before an idol and to repudiate the Jesus religion. She told them that they could cut out her heart, but that they could not make her deny her Lord. Thereupon she, too, was slain. A young sister was put through the same ordeal, and remained faithful unto death. "Now," said the young student, "I want to go back to that village to represent Jesus Christ; I want my old neighbors to know that there is not a shred of bitterness in my heart, and that my supreme ambition is there to live for the Master for whom my family died."

It was glowing instances of this sort that made even the hordes of ignorant Chinese aware, after the futile persecution of 1900, that Christianity is ineradicable in China. What the Sanhedrin could not do in the way of blotting out Christianity; what Rome could not do; and what all the leagued powers of earth and darkness through the centuries since have been unable to do, is attested by the world-wide prevalence of Christianity, with men and women by the myriads of legions who are willing to go to death for the sake of the Name.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-four years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of them. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased membranes and makes a radical cure, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

The Hills.

Oh, my Soul, have you wearied of the hills?
We were native to them one day, your soul and I—
Less dwellers of the earth than of the sky,
Where the holy sense of silence stays and stills
Like a hand of benediction lifted high.

We have stayed in this market place too long;
We have bartered with the birth-right in our breast;
We have shared us with buffoonery and jest,
Nor raised our eyes to where our hills were strong
Above this petty region of unrest.

Oh, my Soul, let us go unto our hills,
To their wonderful, high silence and their might
Where the old dreams shall whisper us at night
Till the sullen heart within us stirs and thrills,
And wakes to keep and wonder and delight.
Oh, my Soul, let us go unto our hills.
—Theodosia Garrison, in Appletons.

Her Dream Furs True.

New York Times.

She was a pretty child, with an innate love of the beautiful, evidently, for she stood for several minutes in the Grand Central station gazing raptly at a set of beautiful white fox furs worn by a woman passenger in the waiting room. Finally the little girl's admiration for the pretty furs overcame her timidity, and impulsively she ran up to the woman.

"Oh!" she cried, reaching up and patting the furs softly, "aren't they beautiful?"

Then, with unconscious pathos:

"Those are what I asked Santa Claus to bring me for Christmas, but these are what I got," holding up in contrast her own cheap, but useful set of gray squirrel. "But," she added cheerfully, "I really don't suppose white furs would do for me every day, would they?"

"No," replied the woman of the white furs, smiling down on the child; "to wear furs like this you must really have two sets."

And as the woman patted the child's cheek and departed for her train the little girl watched her go, flushed and smiling, content to have touched her ideal—just once.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

By request we reprint the following:

I read an article about a woman who invested $620 in improving a Mexican homestead and is now getting a regular income of over $1,200 a year from the sale of bananas from her orchard. I am glad to say that I know this can be done, as I have a homestead in Mexico free, and do not have to live on it. All that is required is to have 1,000 banana trees planted within five years, and the Improvement Department will prepare the land, and plant the trees and care for them until they come into bearing, for about $600. You can pay this in installments of $5 a month, and in three years after your trees are planted they will bring you a profit of more than $1,500 each year, if you superintend the work; but if you wish the Improvement Department will care for the trees and market your bananas continuously; so you will have no trouble to look after them, they get one-third of the crop for attending to and marketing the bananas. This will give you a profit of more than $1,000 a year, from an investment of about $600. If you act as your own superintendent you can make $600 a year more. I know this from my own experience. It is a delightful country, never hot, never cold, and the health conditions are perfect. For full information address The Zantha Plantation Co., Room 514, Pittsburg, Pa., as all English literature pertaining to these free Mexican homesteads is distributed from Pittsburg.

First Horses in the West.

brought back by Sheriff Hirstius from St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The first horses of the western plains probably wer brought there by the Spaniards. In 1545, more than 50 years before Jamestown was settled, Coronado, the Spanish captain, was roaming about the plains of New Mexico, and he tells of the dogs used by the Indians to haul their plunder on lodge poles, indicating that they had no horses at that date.

In 1716 the Spanish again worked their way eastward across the plains, and their letters tell of the astonishment of the Indians at seeing the horses they had with them. The expedition was constantly losing horses, and there is little doubt that the first droves of western horses originated from these strays.

In the early days upon the plains they were as great a pest to travelers as they are today. Woe be to the luckless camper who allowed a band of wild horses to get close enough to his gentle horses, turned out for the night, to sweep them off. It was almost useless to follow, for the call of the wild comes to the gentlest of horses when he is thrown with a band of his kind that have been born and raised free of all restraint. It is a well-known fact that the hardest one to "cut out," the leader of them all in a mad race across the prairie is the old, gentle, well-broken saddle or work horse, once he gets a taste of such freedom.

Has Harnessed the Sun.

Boston Dispatch to New York Tribune.

George S. Cove, a well-known Boston inventor, has perfected an apparatus for storing the sun's rays and utilizing the heat energy thus developed to generate an electric current sufficiently brilliant to light his workshops. In two days of sunshine the device generates and stores enough electricity to last six days. The apparatus consists of a framework placed where it receives the direct rays of the sun. This framework of thin steel is divided into squares, each of which contain 61 plugs. These project from cement, and come in contact with a thick glass through which the sun strikes. Filled in around the plugs is a body of heat-absorbing material. The plugs are connected in series by strips of metal. The difference in temperature of the two ends of the plugs generates the electric current.

Moving Pictures in Church.

Chicago Dispatch to New York World.

The first moving picture show as a regular attraction for the church will be given next Friday night at the Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian church by the Rev. Hugh T. Kerr.

Dr. Kerr wishes to attract children and innocent young women from the scenes of the Halsted street shows, that are believed to have a very baneful influence. He said:

"We are compelled to have music and moving pictures and all the decent fun that can be found in a nickel theatre. In fact, I am sure that our entertainment will be much more pleasant. There will be no temptations for young people to go to bad shows, because we are going to pick out stories just especially to entertain them."

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Can any reader of the Farmstead columns tell me how the old-fashioned furniture veneering was put on? It comes in sheets 36 inches in length. This information will be a great help to me. P., Hill River, Mass.

I hope some reader will give me a remedy for sore mouth in dogs.—C., Green Cove Springs, Fla.

I would like to have the full details in regard to dry farming.—T., Clinton, Iowa.

Is there a reader of the Farmstead columns who can tell me if I can make a cistern without using brick, except about two feet at the top—or as far as it might freeze—balance and side cemented just on top of the earth?—H., Dale, W. Va.

I would like to know how to successfully raise Irish potatoes, giving preparation of ground, planting, cultivation and the tools used?—W., Camden, Ohio.

PREPARING HORSERADISH

A., Brookville, Pa.: To can horseradish for market, prepare as you would for table use, except to put in a little white mustard, a teaspoonful to a quart will keep it. To make it whiter use white sugar, if any, and acid vinegar. The whitest has some turnip in it, and in this case more mustard has to be used. But my way is to give my customers the pure article. But for my own use a little turnip and more mustard is not objectionable.—D., Barton, Vt.

CANNING CORN

L., Dresden, N. C.: Following is my way of canning corn: Nine pints of corn, one pint of sugar, and one-half pint of salt. Cook 20 minutes with just enough water to cook it. Can the same as fruit. When cutting the corn don't scrape the cob. To prepare for use, let stand in water a few minutes.—M., Woodsfield, Ohio.

TO DESTROY WEEDS

W., Franklinville, W. Va.: It has been demonstrated that the following weeds may be destroyed by spraying the field with a two or three per cent solution of copper sulphate, using about 80 gallons of water per acre: False flax, wormseed, ball mustard, tumbling mustard, shepherd's purse, common wild mustard, peppergrass, mustard, corncockle, chickweed, danuellon, Canada thistle, plantain, rough pigweed, ragweed and cocklebur.—D., Barton, Vt.

WASH FOR MULES

L. Thompsonville: Try warm tobacco water for a wash for young mules and colts upon the bare and lumpy spots. Use it quite strong, twice a day. Also rub on sulphur mixed with unsalted fat. Wash the edge of the mangers with tobacco water. The suffering is caused by a minute living thing burrowing into the skin. The pet cat may sometimes be relieved of a similar trouble by use of the sulphur and lard ointment.—M., Gustavus, Ohio.

RICE GROWING IN AMERICA

It has been but fifteen or twenty years since it was discovered rice could be profitably grown along the gulf coast country in Texas and Louisiana by means of irigation. It was known that it could be raised in some localities, but if providence did not send the rains at the right time the crop was a failure. When, however, it was discovered that rice could be grown on land that had to be irrigated vast sums of money were put into the raising and milling of rice. Each year the area has been extended and more money constantly being invested. Somehow or other it never entered into the calculation of the rice farmer that what he takes from the soil must be replaced in some way. The rice lands not only need fertilization but they need sunshine, and they cannot have unless a system of drainage around Crowley, La., many of the arms that formerly yielded ten to twelve bags to the acre now yield less than seven, and it has been ascertained that both drainage and fertilization are needed in order to maintain the soil's productiveness.

THE PALISADE WORM.

The veterinary department of the experiment station at the Kansas State Agricultural college sends out the following bulletin:

During the last two years this parasite has become very generally distributed over all parts of the State, due to the excessive moisture and flood conditions, which caused the loss of a considerable number of horses in different localities, and in some instances killed all the horses on a farm.

Description of the Parasite.—Thick at its head end, it tapers backwards, ending in a point. The mouth is round, open, and furnished with several hard rings, of which the outer one bears six short, blunt, teeth-like projections, and the innermost a row of closely set, pointed teeth. The female, from ¾ to 1 inches long, has a blunt, pointed tail, but the male, ¾ to 1¼ inches in length, has two lateral projections joined by a rudimentary central lobe. This minute description is given in order to distinguish it from the strongylus tetracanthus, a somewhat lighter colored nematode worm which it resembles in many respects and which is found in the intestines only, either free or attached to the intestinal wall.

Life History.—The worms are found in the horse in two periods of existence. The mature worms are usually found attached to the mucous membrane of the intestinal wall of the large intestine caecum and colon—with the head sunk deep for the purpose of sucking the blood which gives them the brown or red color. The immature are found sometimes in the same organs, in a small capsule or covering, in small pellets of manure, in cavities or cysts varying in size from a pin-head to the size of a hazelnut in the walls of the intestines, and also in the arteries and other structures of the body.

The egg being laid in the intestinal canal of the horse sometimes hatches there but more often does not hatch until a few days after it reaches the external world. If conditions are suitable in the way of moisture and temperature, the worm may live for several months in this stage in damp places, such as fodder, pasture, or stagnant water. It has become quite prevalent the last year in pastures and meadows subject to overflow from creeks or washings from infected areas, in this stage the worms are taken into the system of the horse. Reaching the intestine of the animal, they bore their way into the mucous membrane and encyst themselves. Should they find a blood-vessel in their migrating, they are carried into the circulation. It is the most common parasite found in the circulatory system of the horse, through which it may be carried to almost any organ of the body.

Symptoms.—When present in the kidney or in the arteries leading to the kidneys, or in the surrounding tissues, a horse is especially sensitive to pressure over the loins. They have been known to cause paralysis.

When found in the brain, an animal when working, suddenly begins to stagger, the eyes become fixed, and the horse shows many of the symptoms of "blind staggers."

When the large arteries of the abdomen are affected, and this is their favorite location in the circulatory system, the animal is frequently subject to colic, which often results in death. This is also the case when found in great numbers in the intestine. It has been estimated that in some localities as high as 90 per cent of cases of colic are caused by this parasite.

Cause of Death.—From a thorough investigation of a great many cases, both before and after death, the conclusions are drawn that the parasite evolves a poisonous substance (toxine) which in many instances stupefies the brain or parts of the nervous system of the horse, and in that way causes coma, paralysis, and death of the animal.

In a great many post-mortems held at the clinic and in the dissecting room of the Veterinary Department of the Kansas State Agricultural College and over areas of the State, where no outbreaks have been observed, on careful examination, the mesenteric arteries and coeliac axis (arteries leading to the internal organs, the favorite location of these parasites) have been found to contain enlargements or aneurisms caused by this parasite which frequently contain the living parasite itself. In a post-mortem recently held upon a six-month suckling colt, a large aneurism of the anterior mesenteric artery was found containing a large number of the living worms.

Treatment.—Is mostly preventive. Thoroughly inspecting water supply, to see that there are no parasites present in the drinking water. Keep the horses from all stagnant ponds. All surface wells should be inspected. Hay and fodder from swampy lands are to be looked upon as suspicious. Pastures which are subject to overflow and seepage should be avoided. Medicinal treatment consists of a prolonged careful use of some of the essential oils or other vermifuges. The ordinary spirits of turpentine has proved a fairly good common remedy. An ordinary animal will stand two ounces of turpentine given in a pint to a quart of raw linseed-oil, thoroughly mixed. If the animal is badly affected, the above dose may be given night and morning for two or three days, then omit for a week or two and repeat. The remedy should be discontinued as soon as the animal shows signs of irritation of the kidneys. Some horses are more sensitive in this respect than others. Two to four doses may be given every two or three months to expel the worms from the intestinal tract. If possible, the whole herd should be placed under treatment under the direction of a competent veterinarian as soon as the parasite is found in the faeces or their presence is suspected.

TONICS

A stock tonic is not a medicine, a cure, a remedy, but all aid to the digestive and assimilative processes of nutrition. It is thus a preventative of disease. A rightly compounded stock tonic simply supplies the animal artificially with certain necessary elements for the perfect regulation of the processes of nutrition, just as does the supplying of salt in the same way.

Note that we say rightly compounded tonic. For either an excess or a lack of certain ingredients depreciates the value of a tonic, just as an incorrectly balanced feed lowers its nutritive value.

There is not a secret about the composition of the well known stock tonics. Indeed, most states have laws requiring that the ingredients of the contents be plainly printed on every package.

The exact proportion of certain elements differ in different brands, but the approximate proportions are known to most stockmen, or can be obtained from the national department of agriculture or from the different experiment stations.

The question then arises, Why cannot a farmer buy and use a tonic? He can, just as he can make his own clothing, if he can spend the time, get the correct proportions and accomplish the most effective combination. For it must be remembered that the right amount of each material put together in some sort of a way does not make a suit or clothes—no more does it make an effective stock tonic. Not only must the proportions be correct, but the condition of each ingredient must be right and its consistency such that it will properly blend with all the others. The makers of stock tonics have the proportions and the proper consistency of the elements down fine and the thrifty stockmen knows that he is not only buying the right material in a republican stock tonic, but he is also buying the right skill and experience it takes to compound the tonic correctly.

DRAFT HORSES

The draft horse is getting bigger and bigger. In the late '80s if one weighed over 1,600 pounds and came from France, it was an event and the horse papers talked about him, with pictures. Today the draft importer will touch nothing under 1,800 pounds and 3-year-old colts often run up to a ton.

The favorite draft breed in America—six to one—is the Percheron of France. It comes from Le Perche, southwest of Paris, and nowhere else. This horse breeders in this district have ban

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SEND NO MONEY—NO STAMPS Simply mail us the coupon printed below. Or write us a postal, if you prefer. We will then mail you this great book, now fresh from the presses, picturing more than 3,000 new-style things for the home. A part of the pictures are in actual colors. This book shows a greater variety of Furniture, Carpets and Housefurnishings than is shown in any retail store in Chicago. On each article it quotes a price lower than you ever saw. It shows the newest creations in furniture, draperies, etc. And it offers you credit on everything. Have whatever you want, at our lowest cash prices, and pay us a little each month.

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OVER A YEAR TO PAY

Pay a few cents down on each dollar. Then take the goods, use and enjoy them, and pay us a little each month. On the average, we allow a year to pay. On pianos, two years. If misfortune comes, or loss of work, we do what we can to help out. Our whole effort, from the time you first deal with us, is to make you a permanent customer. And you will be. You will never buy household things elsewhere, and pay others' prices, after you once deal with us.

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TAD AND HIS FATHER

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

Tad Boslow's father was a man who was thoroughly devoted to his wife and children, and, absorbed in this endeavor to provide for their physical welfare, he forgot to express his affection in any other manner. He knew he loved his family, though he never showed it by endearments, and he knew, too, that Tad was nearer to his heart than any of his children, though he gave the boy no hint of his great affection.

Tad was not the boy's real name; it was given him by one of his brothers, and, as is usual in such cases, it had ousted the name that belonged to him through the choice of his father or mother.

There is no one in this story except Tad and his father, and a sailor, who plays only a small part, so no explanation of the Boslows is necessary, except to say that they were an average American family who lived unpretentiously in a small western village, and, with one exception, considered themselves in a conventional manner. The one exception was Tad. He was a tumult and an exceedingly difficult youth to manage. One had to know the right way in order to manage Tad, and the trouble was no one seemed to know what this right way was. His father seldom attempted to practice disciplinary measures. He was as reserved in this as he was in demonstrations of affection.

Under correction Tad grew sullen because he was openly insolent and resentful, and it was thought that the only way to get along with Tad was to let him alone as much as possible, and Tad was left to go his own way to a great extent, and his own way was wilful. Being at war with himself, he was usually at war with most of mankind, and he went about with a reckless, "don't care" air that won him a bad reputation. Now Tad never did anything that was really bad. It is true that unless forced to, he seldom did anything against his inclinations, and thought for others was often down on his calendar, but this was because he did not know any better. He was sensitive and shy, and barred access to his heart with a brilliant manner.

Tad could not have explained himself under any condition. He was just a tumultuous soul, wanting he knew not what, and yearning to go he knew not whither. He assauged his restlessness by long wanderings through the woods and fields, returning home to be chided for his torn and soiled clothing, which did not make matters any better.

When Tad had grown to be nearly sixteen years of age he was beset with a fever to be up and away to the outermost parts of the earth. The longing for adventure grew strong within him, and urged him to run away. He was not conscious that he loved his home, but the thought of leaving it restrained him. It was what he had been used to all of his life; it was all the life he knew, and the ties could not be easily broken without some sudden force to rend them asunder.

In every small community there is always some man or woman whose personality and experiences set them apart from the average mortals by whom they are surrounded. In the town where Tad lived, the unusual person was an old sailor, who, having retired from the seas, had drifted to the village and, for some unexplained reason, remained there. Tad, with his predilection for the unconventional, found the old sailor very attractive, with his tales of the seas and of far-away lands and their strange peoples. The sailor lived in a hut near the river that ran through the village, and, while he always spoke of the stream with contempt, he never went far from its waters. There were fish in its depths which furnished him with food and a means of livelihood, and there was driftwood which floated down on the river's surface from the forest country and supplied him with fuel. He kept the one room of his hut in the state of order and cleanliness to which he had been trained by his life on shipboard, and it was here that Tad spent as much time as he could, assured by the sailor's open liking for him that he was welcome, and listening, entranced, to the yarns the sailor spun.

At his home, Tad's association with "low company" was frowned upon. He listened to the remonstrances against his friendship with the sailor, because he must, but he continued to seek his society. The stories he heard stimulated his craving for new scenes and for adventures. The sailor listened attentively to Tad's plans for running away, but advised against them, though cautiously, so Tad should not know he was being managed.

"You'd get along all right any place you was landed," he said, making Tad think very well of himself, "but you'd better wait till you're the age of a man, and then you can go where and when you please and there'll be no one with a right to speak against it." This made Tad willing to wait a while longer.

Meantime, Tad's father, absorbed in his business, knew nothing of what was passing in the boy's mind. The complaints he heard of his neglect of school and of his sullen ways, were a trouble to him, but he was without a key to the problem of Tad's management. There came a day when he grew angry at the boy for some fault he had committed, and he reprimanded him severely. Tad, his own anger aflame, flung himself out of the house without waiting for his father to finish. He called to Tad to come back. The boy turned and sneered at him over his shoulder, drawing his lips across his strong, white teeth as if he were snarling.

Tad's brain was in a whirl. He was going away somewhere, and he should never return. He did not care where he went; any place would do, only so it was out and far away. He tramped many miles that day, and then he turned around and tramped back again. He went to the sailor's hut where he stayed until his anger had burned itself out, and his sense of injury had passed. He felt home calling.

His father, having found out where he was, gave no sign that he knew Tad was in the village, but he was at home when the boy returned. He saw him coming and went into the yard to meet him.

"Well, young man," he said, "so you've concluded to come back?"

Tad hunched his shoulders and his eyes lowered under his father's reproachful gaze. He seemed much interested in the hole he was digging in the sod with the toe of his shoe.

"Yes, sir," he muttered.

"Where have you been?" demanded his father.

"Down at the sailor's," Tad returned, in a low, meek voice.

"Never told me you were going; never sent word where you were; never did a thing about it," complained his father.

"Didn't think you'd care," Tad mumbled.

"Didn't think I'd care!" his father exclaimed in a loud voice. "Didn't think I'd care! Aren't you my son?"

"S'pose so," he answered, indistinctly.

His father rested his hand on the boy's shoulder with a warm pressure.

"Son," he said, earnestly, "don't ever run away without telling me you are going."

Tad looked at him closely and the expression of his face told him more than the words he had spoken.

"No, sir," he promised, meeting his father's gaze, directly and frankly.

"All right, boy," his father returned. He hesitated a moment. "We're friends, aren't me?" he questioned.

Tad nodded his head and his face grew scarlet.

They did not say much more to each other, but when they separated, Tad went to one of his haunts and stretched himself on the ground in the sunshine. He lay there with his dejected looking, soft hat over his eyes, thinking of things that had never come into his mind before. He felt that he wanted to be good, and that he wanted to please his father. He understood his father better now, and into his heart there crept a great love for him that never ended, though sometimes it was forgotten in the years of tumult that came to Tad while he was seeking the way of calmness.

No one is made over in a day, you know.

Dusk in the Barren Grounds.

The hills lie black and low against the west,
Far northward stretch the valleys of the dead—
Here where Life weary grew and sighed for rest
An God put all his worn-out world to bed.

For this the Silence is where some last word
Was whispered and Earth's twilight tale was told,
And Emptiness and Sorrow only heard
The ghostly cry of ashen things and old.

And through the pallid light three dead pines crown
The plain that lies so like a yellowed page;
And wide and dark the blood-red sun burns down
Beyond each iron hill that aches with age.

—Arthur Stringer, in Everybody's.

Definition of Assault in England.

Manchester Guardian.

An assault may be committed without the exertion of any actual force, as a case before Justice Darling this week shows. A person may be guilty of the crime by simply frightening his victim. If any form of physical contact takes place the offense rises from an 'assault" to a "battery." "Assault and battery," therefore, is not a mere reduplicated phrase. To constitute the minor crime some degree of alarm must be present in the mind of the party threatened, but that in itself (not very logically) is not enough; the person guilty of the menace must have the power of carrying out his implied threat, whether the victim knows it or not. Thus, it has been held that while presenting a loaded pistol at a person is certainly an assault, to point an unloaded pistol is not.

Fidgetables.

Chicago Tribune.

"Kitty," said her mother, rebukingly, "you must sit still when you are at the table." "I can't, mamma," protested the little girl. "I'm a fidgetarian."

Emperor William, of Germany, is desirous that impecunious aristocrats who cannot make a living in Germany, should emigrate to German Southwest Africa and become useful members of that German colony. He has lent Baron de Schmid $12,500 to enable him to settle in German Southwest Africa and begin life again as a farmer. Baron de Schmid was a land owner in Alsace-Lorraine, whose estate was near that of the kaiser at Urvilit, and with whom his majesty was very friendly. The baron lost his money and was obliged to sell the estate.

Mrs. Catherine W. McCulloch, of Evanston, Ill., said to be the only woman justice of the peace in this country, astonished the Society of Anthrology at a recent meeting by denouncing Adam as a loafer. She declared that Eve was the mother of all the arts and sciences and by data which carried her back to the paleolithic age she sought to prove that woman was the originator of most of the good things in the world. At the end of the meeting she asked for a vote on woman suffrage, and the audience, almost to a man, decalred itself in favor of giving votes to women.

Miserable Misery in Head

I had misery in my head, was irritable—wretched. A druggist recommended Dr. Miles' Nervine. From first I improved, and I continued until I was entirely well again." MISS VIOLA BAKER, Orange, Texas.

If you are subject to headache, backache, neuralgia, epilepsy, weak heart—the chances are your nervous system is run down. All the organs get their energy from the nerves, and when they are out of order, it is because you lack nerve force.

Dr. Miles' Nervine restores nervous energy and consequently strengthen the action of the organs.

The first bottle will benefit; if not, the druggist will return your money.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

G. A. R. COMMANDERS

M. M. B., Milan, Mich.: The following are the names of the commanders-in-chief in the order in which they held office:

Stephen A. Hurlburt of Illinois, John A. Logan of Illinois, Ambrose E. Burnside of Rhode Island, Charles Devens of Massachusetts, John F. Hartranft of Pennsylvania, John C. Robinson of New York, William Earnshaw of Ohio, Louis Wagner of Pennsylvania, George S. Merrill of Massachusetts, Paul Vandervoort of Nebraska, Robert B. Beath of Pennsylvania, John S. Kountz of Ohio, Samuel S. Burdett of Washington D. C., Lucius Fairchild of Wisconsin, John P. Rea of Minnesota, William Warner of Missouri, Russell A. Alger of Michigan, Wheelock G. Veazey of Vermont, John Palmer of New York, A. G. Weissert of Wisconsin, John G. B. Adams of Massachusetts, Thomas G. Lawler of Illinois, Ivan N. Walker of Indiana, Thad S. Clarkson of Nebraska, John P. S. Gobin of Pennsylvania, James A. Sexton of Illinois, who died in office and was succeeded by W. C. Johnson of Ohio, Albert D. Shaw of New York, Leo Rassieur of Missouri, Eli Torrance of Minnesota, Thomas J. Stewart of Pennsylvania, John C. Black of Illinois, Wilmon W. Blackmar of Massachusetts, who died in office and was succeeded by John R. King of Maryland, James Tanner of New York, Robert B. Brown of Ohio, Charles G. Burton of Missouri, and Henry M. Nevius of New Jersey, the present commander.

BISHOP E. M. MARVIN

Will you please give in the columns of the Question Bureau a biographical sketch of Bishop Enoch Mather Marvin, of the Methodist Episcopal church?—G. T. K., Maud, O.

E. M. Marvin was born June 12, 1823, and died November 26, 1877. He was the son of Wells Ely Marvin. He determined early to become a minister, and although lacking a college education he possessed a quick mind, and by earnest study acquired a large fund of information. Marvin was licensed to preach and delivered his first sermon in the "Old Bethlehem" church in 1841. In 1844 he preached at St. Louis for the first time before a conference. During part of the civil war he was chaplain to regiments in Arkansas and Texas. In 1866 he was elected by the New Orleans conference bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, South. While stationed at St. Louis he did arduous missionary work among the Indians. When the civil war ended the southern Methodist church, on account of its depleted treasury, was about to discontinue its mission work among the Indians. But Bishop Marvin raised the necessary funds by a great effort. In 1876 he was appointed by the college of bishops to go to China and Japan to examine native missionaries and to ordain native preachers. He departed by way of San Francisco, returning the following year by way of the Holy Land and Europe. The incidents of this voyage were embodied in one of his books. He was the author of several books. He was married in 1845 to Harriet Brotherton.

HOUSE COMMITTEES

Will the Question Bureau please name six of the most important committees in the house of representatives?—E. M., Tower Hill, Ill.

Among the most important committees in the house of representatives are the committee on ways and means, appropriations, interstate and foreign commerce, foreign affairs, insular affairs, and immigration and naturalization.

WILSON SHANNON

Will the Question Bureau please give a sketch of the life of Wilson Shannon?—S. R., Hartsville, Ind.

Wilson Shannon, an American politician, was born February 24, 1802, and died August 20, 1877. After studying for law in college he began to practice in St. Clairsville, Ohio. In 1830 he became attorney for Belmont county, and in 1838 Democratic governor of the state. He was nominated for a second term, and was defeated, but was elected again in 1842. In 1844 he was appointed minister to Mexico by President Tyler. Shannon practiced law in Cincinnati after his return the following year. He was elected to congress in 1852, serving on the committee on foreign affairs. Three years later he was appointed by President Pierce to succeed Andrew H. Reeder as governor of Kansas. The contest between the slavery factions among the people to gain possession of the legislature made the post exceedingly difficult for one who tried to administer affairs impartially, so Shannon resigned in August of the following year. After the political troubles of Kansas had subsided he returned to the state to live.

ANTONIO STRADIVARI

Will you please give a short sketch of Antonio Stradavari?—R. F., Rensellaer Falls, N. Y.

Antonio Stradivari, the Italian Violin maker, was born in 1649 and died in 1737. He was the pupil of Nicoli Amati, in whose employment he remained until about 1679, when he began making violins on his own account. He settled the typical pattern of the Cremona violin, and his instruments, for tone and finish, have never yet been excelled. His improvements consisted chiefly in lowering the height of the arch of the belly, in making the four corner blocks more massive, in giving a great curvature to the middle ribs, in altering the setting of the sound holes, and in making the scroll more massive and prominent. He reached his greatest perfection in his art about 1714. He also made many other kinds of musical instruments, but it is on his violins of all kinds that his fame rests.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Will you please give a short sketch of the life of Theodore Roosevelt? Also give an outline of the principal events which occurred during his administration.—L. J. A., Blakeslee, Pa.

The purchase of the Panama canal strip and the beginning of the work on that enterprise was the most important event of Roosevelt's administration. The passage of the Hepburn rate bill, and the opening of the war against the trusts were things worth while. A great individual achievement was the bringing about of peace between Russia and Japan. A record of the actual events that took place in the Roosevelt administration would not tell the story of his achievements. The general awakening of the public mind and conscience against prevailing wrongs must be attributed to him.

Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York October 27, 1858. After his graduation from Harvard in 1880, he traveled in Europe for a year. He was a member of the state assembly of New York from 1881 to 1884. In 1886 he was candidate for mayor of New York but was defeated. In 1889 he was appointed to the United States civil service commission by President Harrison. During his six years' incumbency he strictly endeavored to apply the test of merit to all executive positions, with the result that the commission assumed a position of importance it has never since lost, and the civil service law gained a new vitality. He resigned from the civil service commission to accept a position as president of the board of New York police commissioners. He entirely reorganized it. The members of the police force were appointed and promoted impartially. By his rigorous enforcement of the laws and ordinances he gave unwonted effectiveness to the office. In 1897 he resigned to become assistant secretary of the navy. Again he accomplished his work well. By his efforts appropriations of money were made for target practice. The marksmanship of the gunners was thus improved. In 1898 Roosevelt resigned to enter the army. He assisted Leonard Wood in recruiting a regiment of cowboys. Roosevelt was second in command, but the regiment was known as "Roosevelt's Rough Riders." After leaving the army with the rank of colonel, he was elected governor of New York. In 1900 he was elected vice-president. When McKinley was shot and when he died later, Roosevelt succeeded to the presidency. He continued the policy of President McKinley and in 1904 he was elected president by a larger plurality than was ever received by any other candidate for that high office.

UNITARIANISM

Will you please explain the principles and doctrines of Unitarianism?—G. F. G., Brownville, N. Y.

In an article on Unitarianism, Thos. Roberts Slicer explains the position of the Unitarians. They have no creed. There is consensus of belief among them which asserts itself over all minor differences, and leads to a unity among the churches and in each church that is far more potent than that which has been achieved by the churches upon which authority is imposed. The national conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches states its basis of religious fellowship in the following words: "These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with His teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and to man." This may be further emphasized by the statement attributed to James Freeman Clark, for 48 years the minister of the Church of the Disciples in Boston, who expressed the Unitarian faith as a "belief in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the leadership of Jesus, salvation by a character and the progress of mankind upward and onward forever." Perhaps its practical activities and mental attitude have been well expressed by the phrase initiated first by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, one of its most distinguished and trusted leaders, "looking up and not down, forward and not backward, out and not in, and lending a hand." This motto, which Dr. Hale describes in Ten Times One Are Ten, has been adopted by great bodies of young people, and to its initiative may be attributed the formation among many of denominations of the Epworth League, the King's Daughters, the Look Up Legions and several others, to unite upon a purpose, rather than upon an opinion, great bodies of young people for the religious life.

Nearly all the local Unitarian churches have adopted a covenant which is the expression of their purpose and not the expression of theological opinion. Many of these covenants are the same as those used in the earliest colonial churches, notably that in Salem. Others formed within the last 25 years have adopted as a simple covenant this form: "In the love of the truth and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we join for the worship of God and the service of man." These covenants are a basis of union and a statement of purpose in the individual church, and are not construed as a test of membership, in accordance with the fundamental rule that character, not opinion; integrity, not theological accuracy, is first to be considered.

The word "Unitarian," used first as an epithet, has been cheerfully adopted as perhaps the easiest way in which to announce the fundamental doctrine upon which all Unitarians agree, namely, the unity of God as distinct from any speculation as to the Trinity. The doctrine of the unity of God is held by all Unitarians to be true and necessary to integrity of thought and to the higher inspiration of religion. With this fundamental doctrine is associated the declaration of the simple humanity of Jesus; the unfailing work of the Holy Spirit; the universality of revelation; the direct communion of the spirit of God with the spirit of man. In other words, the difference as to doctrinal position between Unitarians and other Christian churches appears not in what Unitarians believe, but in what the evangelical churches, so-called, add to this belief. The growing liberality of orthodox Christians, the steadily constructive tendency of the Unitarians themselves has brought about an increased spiritual sympathy and co-operation with those churches which formerly denied to Unitarians the Christian name, for which they have always contended.

MEERSCHAUM

What is meerschaum? How is it obtained and for what is it used?—J. R. G., Girard, Mich.

Meerschaum is the name given to one of the silicates of magnesium; it is a mineral of a whitish or creamy color, and received its name from its appearance and the position in which it is sometimes found suggesting that it is petrified foam of the sea. The best quality comes from Asia Minor where it is found in pits. The mineral is mined in blocks which are afterwards cleaned by scraping with a sharp instrument. The mineral remains soft for some time so it can be easily cut into different shapes. After cleaning and shaping the blocks they are separated into four classes according to size and quality. Most of the meerschaum is made into pipes.

PROOFREADERS

Is the demand for proofreaders great enough to warrant me to take a course of instruction in that line?—E. R., Riverside, Ia.

The Bureau would not advise you to take up a course of study to qualify yourself especially for proofreading. The position of proofreading is now largely controlled by the Typographical Union, and in all union offices the persons holding these positions must belong to the union.

THE 4TH OF MARCH

W. H. D., Chillons, Va.: March 4 has fallen on Sunday in 1810, 1821, 1838, 1849, 1855, 1866, 1877, 1883, 1894, 1900 and 1906. As the President is only inaugurated once every four years, inauguration day has only fallen on Sunday in two years, 1849 and 1877. As no President is ever inaugurated on Sunday their inauguration occurred on the following day.

OLEOMARGARINE

Please tell how oleomargarine is made and what it is made of.—G. Z., Strattonville, Pa.

Oleomargarine is a mixture of fats used as a substitute for butter. The caul fat of freshly killed beeves is, after thorough washing first in tepid water and then in iced water, allowed to stand in a cold room until thoroughly cold. It is then rendered between a temperature of 130 and 175 degrees F. The resulting oil is allowed to cool slowly until a considerable portion of the stearin and palmatin has crystallized out, and the pasty mass is then subjected to hydraulic pressure. The still fluid (about two-thirds of the whole) flows out into a tank of cold water, where it solidifies into a granular mass which is known to the trade as "oleo" oil or just simply "oleo." The name "oil" is somewhat misleading, as the product is a granular solid of a slightly yellow color. The fresh leaf treated in substantially the same way as the beef tallow yields the "neutral lard" or "neutral" of the trade, also a granular solid of a white color. The objects of this treatment are twofold, first, to produce fats as free as possible from taste and odor; second, to remove some of the difficult fusible stearin and palmatin, in order that the finished product may melt readily in the mouth. The "oleo" and the "neutral" is then mixed, the proportions varying according to the destination of the product; a warm climate calling for more "oleo," a cold one for more "neutral," and to flavor the mixture with butter. This flavoring is done in large steam-jacketed vessels provided with revolving paddles, by which their contents can be thoroughly agitated. Here the "oleo" and the "neutral" are thoroughly agitated with a certain proportion of milk, or sometimes cream, and a proper amount of butter color. Forty-eight gallons of milk to 2,000 pounds of product are stated to be a common proportion. After sufficient agitation the melted mass is run into cold water, and as it cools is broken up by paddles so as to granulate the mass. After thorough washing it is salted and worked exactly like butter. The product is the oleomargarine. More pure butter is added when "butterine" is the product desired.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Please give a short history of the life of Sir Francis Drake of England.—H. H., Middlebourne, W. Va.

Sir Francis Drake was an English navigator. He was born in England about 1540. He joined Sir John Hawkins in his last expedition against the Spaniards (1567), losing nearly all he possessed in that unfortunate enterprise. Having gathered a number of adventurers round him, he contrived to fit out a vessel in which he made two successful cruises to the West Indies in 1570 and 1571. In 1572 with two small ships, he again sailed for the Spanish main, captured the cities of Nombre do Dios and Vera Cruz, burned Porto Bello, captured and destroyed many Spanish ships, crossed the isthmus to the highest point of the dividing ridge, where, climbing a tree, from whose tops the guides told him both seas could be seen, he gazed upon the vast waters of the South seas, and with that touch of romantic enthusiasm that redeemed all his piracies, "Besought Almighty God in his goodness to give him life and leave to sail at once in an English ship in that sea." Drake arrived at Plymouth Sunday, August 9, 1573, during sermon time, when the news of his return "did so speedily pass over all the church, and surpass our minds with desire and delight to see him, that very few or none remained with the preacher, all hastening to see the evidence of God's love and blessing toward our gracious Queen and country." In 1590 he sailed from Plymouth on his last expedition to the West Indies. Ill fortune followed the fleet from the beginning; Hawkins, the second in command, died off Porto Rico in November, and Drake became ill and died off Porto Bello, January 25, 1596.

HORACE MANN

Please give a biographical sketch of Horace Mann.—K. B., Huntington, Ind.

Horace Mann, LL. D., an American statesman and educationalist, was born at Franklin, Mass., May 4, 1796; graduated at Brown university, Providence, and commenced the study of law; elected to the legislature of Massachusetts in 1827; his first speech was in favor of religious liberty, and his second a plea for railways; he was an advocate of temperance, and a founder of the state lunatic asylum. Removing to Boston, he was elected, 1836, to the state senate, of which he became president. After editing the revised statutes of the state, he was for eleven years secretary of the board of education. He gave up his business and politics, and devoted his whole time to the cause of education, introduced normal schools, and paid committees, and in 1843 made a visit to educational establishments in Europe. His report was reprinted both in England and America. For eleven years he worked fifteen hours a day, held teachers' conventions, gave lectures, and conducted a large correspondence. In 1848 he was elected to congress, as the successor of ex-President John Quincy Adams, whose example he followed in energetic opposition to the extension of slavery. At the end of his term he accepted the presidency of Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio, established for the education of both sexes, where he labored until his death, August 2, 1859.

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK

Please give a short sketch of Frank H. Hitchcock and tell whether he was ever in the cabinet before the present time.—E. P. B., Redwood Falls, Minn.

Frank Harris Hitchcock was born in Amherst, Ohio, October 5, 1867. He received his early education in Boston, and graduated from Harvard in 1891. He also graduated from the Columbian University law school three years later. The same year Hitchcock was admitted to the bar at Washington, D. C. He has always held some government position since 1891. He was postmaster-general under Theodore Roosevelt.

MISCELLANEOUS

C. N. D., Ypsilanti, Mich.: There is a cable from San Francisco to Manila.

J. C. C., McConnelsville, O.: They are attempting some reforms in China, but we do not know how far they have gone.

H. L. B., Coldwater, Mich.: The bureau cannot comply with your request.

G. S., Niagara Falls, N. Y.: The United States government does not furnish arms to any civic organization.

V. L. C., Given, W. Va.: There were two battles of Bull Run. Which one do you mean?

J. W. M., New Franklin, O.: Roosevelt's term expired when Taft took the oath of office.

C. F. T., Delavan, Wis.: Write to the Interior Department, Washington, D. C., for the information you want.

C. O. G., Brookville, Pa.: Write to the land office at Phoenix, Arizona.

G. V. E., Bloomington, Ind.: Write to one of the land offices in New Mexico. They are located at Clayton, Las Cruces, Roswell and Santa Fe.

R. Y., Russell, Pa.: The Bureau cannot answer your question.

R. L. M., Coldwater, Mich.: We cannot give you a sketch of Keith Falconer.

O. N. P., Bloomingdale, O.: The population of Cleveland, O., in 1900 was 381,768.

G. E. F., Chillicothe, O.: We have no statistics showing the number of "dry" districts in this country.

G. A. H., Canaseroga, N. Y.: The Bureau believes the language you quote was used by Lincoln in an address, but we cannot say with absolute certainty that such is the case.

C. H. K., Mechlenburg, N. Y.: Taft is the 27th President.

W. A. C., Sherman City, Mich.: You may color butter under the pure food law, but you must inform the purchaser and tell him what coloring matter is used. This is the law as we understand it.

E. C., Fairgrove, Mich.: Members of the English Parliament do not receive pay for their services. Sometimes a poor member is supported by his constituency.

C. T., Coalton, W. Va.: Pocahontas only married once, and that was to John Rolfe.

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And iron gates ofstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design
And vigilant keepers watch his devius ways;
Yet scorns the mortal mind this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose;
Swifter than light, it fl

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Circulation Last Week 230,000

Spring will come next Sunday, rain or shine.

Poverty is a blessing when it keeps a belligerent nation from going to war.

The Koreans want independence or death, with a large majority in favor of independence.

Probably the world will soon see how gracefully little Servia can execute a crawfish movement.

The doctors say King Edward is soft and pulpy. It is not probable the king would take that from anybody but a doctor.

The Texas mob that burned a negro at the stake must have been greatly disappointed. The victim refused to writhe in agony.

Why not put a stamp tax on the historical novel? It might serve both as a source of revenue and a commendable restriction.

"I am not an out-and-out candidate," Mr. Bryan is reported to have said. However, he will not admit that he is down and out.

With a 297-pound optimist in the presidential chair, the fellow with the chronic grouch doesn't look like a lover of his country.

Decreasing his salary didn't lose Secretray Knox. He rises at 6 o'clock in the morning and puts in a full day for the glory of his country.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." A Missouri man swam a swollen river the other day to get married.

A Spanish claimant has been awarded twenty-four titles by the courts of Rome. Utah alone is a suitable place of residence for this grandee.

Dear, thoughtful women are telling Mrs. Taft how to run the White House table. Maybe it hasn't occurred to them that the first lady has ideas of her own.

"It is better for a woman to be a grass widow than live with a straw man," declares a Methodist minister of Springfield, Ill. Guess there is no answer.

During the last three years Mrs. Russell Sage has given away $16,000,000. It would be interesting to know what her late husband's record was for a similar period.

Mr. Bryan doesn't like the Taft cabinet. Doubtless it bears no similarity to the one he would have chosen had the people put the job of cabinet building up to him.

A deficit confronts the new secretary of the treasury. However, it is not so serious that Uncle Sam is required to use eight-penny nails in lieu of suspender buttons.

The boll weevil, it has been discovered, travels at the rate of sixty-five miles a year. While this is not a violation of the speed laws, it is going some for a boll weevil.

The woman doctor who practiced medicine by holding hands in the dark has been arrested. But not, we trust, because her patients were not doing as well as could be expected.

Twenty-seven times has the stork visited the home of Morris Connors, of Altoona, Pa. Mr. Connors has certainly contributed his share toward the glory of the Roosevelt administration.

Texas has a new law which requires people to give ten days' notice before getting married. It is a sort of "stop, look and listen" warning for the benefit of those who are afraid of the cars.

Charley Taft, the young son of the President, is given credit for a bright bit of comment on the inauguration. He is quoted as saying: "Now people will say that Quentin Roosevelt goes to my school."

It may sound like a treasonable utterance, but the chances are this glorious country would not go to everlasting destruction if that old liberty bell at Philadelphia should happen to burst wide open.

The people of London, England, have gone crazy over roller skating. Their insanity, however, is nothing more than an imitation. The people of the United States had the disease in its original form.

Let us not put too much faith in the Harvard professor who declares the earth will fly off into space. Better wait till we find out what our old friend, John Busby, of Independence, Iowa, thinks about it.

When the religious fan climbed into the pulpit and struck Evangelist Billy Sunday with a horsewhip, did Billy turn the other cheek? If he did, then it must have been a mule that kicked the religious fan in the jaw.

Mr. Roosevelt will take something like fifteen thousand doses of medicine with him into Africa. Under these circumstances we may expect to hear, from time to time, that he is doing as well as could be expected.

Out in Des Moines a woman wants a divorce because her husband is in the habit of kicking the coffee pot from the table. She should have relief. As an occasional diversion kicking the coffee pot from the table might be tolerated, but as a steady habit it is too strenuous.

MEXICO AS POLICEMAN.

Mexico, the dispatches state, will probably interfere to keep the peace in Central America. The government of Diaz is determined to end the periodical wars and revolutions to the south and, if it is thought necessary, will land troops in Nicaragua and Salvador.

Immense changes have swept over Mexico to have caused her now to take up the humanitarian duty of patrolman to Latin North America. It is not so long ago that Mexico herself was little more than a group of warring states and battling factions. In the course of sixty-six years the country lived under an ecclesiastical oligarchy, a limited monarchy, republics and dictatorships confusing in number, the full pomp and glory of a monarchial form of government, anarchy and administrative chaos.

In 1810 a revolt broke out against the Spanish viceroy. Its leader, a priest, is captured and put to death. Another takes his place and dies in two years as his predecessor did after declaring the independence of Mexico. Guerrila war followed for six years. Then a revolutionary leader is persuaded to announce a limited monarchy. Santa Anna takes the field against him. The monarchist's troops desert to the enemy. A score of outbreaks prompt the general to proclaim a dictatorship. Spain seeks to reconquer Mexico and her soldiers are defeated. Texas revolts. War with the United States reunites the parties of Mexico for a while. The internecine strife is renewed after the departure of the Americans. Foriguers are persecuted. Outlaws seize the British legation and steal $660,000 of gold placed there for safety. Louis Napoleon aids Maximilian, of Austria, to assume the crown. Queen Carlotta is driven mad by the perils which surround the court. Maximilian is taken prisoner and shot. Juarez, the Indian, is made president. Diaz heads a rebellion in 1871. Juarez dies and peace reigns for four years. Diaz joins another revolution and is elected president. He is succeeded by Manual Gonzalez, but in 1884 becomes executive again and begins that wonderful administration of construction, one of the strange results of which is the altogether praiseworthy assumption of responsibility for peace in Central America.

TO LHASSA BY RAIL.

In the history of revolutions there is one the account of which should be set in heavy black type to mark its relative importance. It appears to be a rebellion fought out with no shedding of blood, no rattle of firearms or banging of drums. It has all come about in the mind of one human creature, and is thus, with disappointing brevity, recorded in the daily consular reports sent broadcast by the department of commerce and labor:

According to the Chinese vernacular press, the Dalai Lama is reported to have requested the Chinese government to allow him to float a foreign loan for the construction of a railway from Chumbi to Lhassa and for the development of the mines along the route of the railway. It is believed in Peking that the Tibetan pontiff's proposal will be sanctioned by the Chinese government. If so, Indian trade with Tibet can scarcely fail to benefit materially.

Lhassa, the forbidden city, the home of the gods, the residence of the incarnated soul of Buddha, to hear the creak of railway cars and know the grime of locomotives! And less than a decade ago Sven Hedin suffered stavation in vain attempt to behold the great palace of the lamas. Landor was tortured. Younghusband shot down natives armed with bows and arrows who defended invasion out of religious zeal. It is less a revolution than a cataclysm.

NO PRIVATE LIFE FOR HIM.

We have lit this day such a Candle in England as no man may ever put out again.—Lattimer.

It was one thing for our president but recently retired from office to bring to his aid the unmeasured influences of publicity. It is another thing for him to announce the end of the employment. Publicity is like one of those faithful servants of which southern women love to write. It refuses to be discharged. It clings unfrightened by threats, demanding the old fellowship, deferential, but unmoved. If Mr. Roosevelt chops down a tree there is a reporter sitting upon a stump nearby timing him with a stopwatch. If, in anger, he raises his cane to smash a press photographer's camera "click" goes the shutter and the home edition will have a new Roosevelt attitude for the entertainment of the straphangers.

Eleven days ago private life was assumed, according to universal announcement, but anyone who would call the ex-president's life a private one would be dallying with that which the polite Holland Webster once termed unfacts, ladies being present. It has been several degrees less private, in truth, than a sleeper but just discovered in a bill introduced into the Ohio assembly by a Cox legislator. One may naturally wonder of the future. The trail through Darkest Africa will be lit as by a torch, that is a certainty, but what of the days after that, when back at Sagamore Hill? Will the news service associations again establish offices in Oyster Bay? Will there not be the regular summer invasion of telegraph operators, reporters and photographers? The prospect looks that way. Roosevelt has created an appetite, a habit involving close upon ninety millions of people. The journey to Africa only gives it a variation. When that is over, it is to be suspected, the demand for the old "dope" will be renewed. Publicity will twine its legs about the Sagamore porch railing and not even a mighty Theodore will be able to dislodge it.

THE CZAR TRIUMPHANT.

The tremendous success of Czar Nicholas II. in the face of revolution and the most intricate plotting, has compelled Europe to take a new estimate of a ruler whom once the powers held in amused contempt. It is this czar who has made reaction win at a time when all the world shouted that progress was a law that could not be broken, that could not be stayed. He has emerged from a bath of death. His hands are red with the blood of thousands of his fellow creatures, but he remains undisturbed; apparently, so far as those about him know, as unregretful as a huge beast of prey is unregretful over the body of its victim.

The thousand escapes from the bombs and ambuscades of the revolutionists are largely responsible for the czar's victory of mind against immense odds. It has bred a fatalism in him that cannot be conquered. He believes that the bullets of the conspirators cannot reach him. He feels that his course has been right, since Heaven, as he reads events, has spared him. Therefore, the "Little Father" argues, his contention of divine right must be correct. It has caused him to stand by his ground, without questioning either his soul or wondering whether a government by force of arms might not be an error, and trial by drumhead court-martial a crime. Possibly if his attendants would permit, he would walk the streets of St. Petersburg, confident that the shield of St. Michael would protect him.

But, after all, the travelers and the correspondents may read all the signs in Russia awry. The quiet, the immigrants tell us, is only relative peace. The riots have ceased and the racket of musketry is still, but underground a newer and less resistible revolution is seething. The rebels have realized that their losses of two years ago were due to lack of organization. To gain this essential now they work in secret. It is inconceivable that reaction will prevail in the end. It is against all nature. It defies all history. The calm may be only a lull. When the greater uprising comes the broad empire of Nicholas will probably behold scenes far more terrible than those when the Moscow regiments mutinied and the Black sea sailors followed a butchering peasant. And then the last of the Nicholas who thinks himself a god.

GERM HUNTING IN SCHOOLS.

The plan calling for medical examination of school children will seem to many to lack necessity since nothing apparently can be much more healthy that the average schoolchild. But the measure, if it is adopted, will be more that of prevention than of cure. It is in the schools that contagious diseases are spread the most quickly and widely. Minor ailments unknown to the parents and unrecognized by teachers can be discovered by medical experts and steps taken to guard against infection.

A greater service can be performed by official inspectors, too. They can direct the observance of hygienic laws, promote cleanliness and teach the benefit of proper exercise. There is a tendency among the schools now to drive pupils, to stuff them with learning as a poultry raiser stuffs chickens for the market. The scheme is identical with the forcing familiar to truck farmers. It might prove of incalculable good if physicians in attendance can halt this tendency to seize every minute possible from the playtime of children.

THE DUTY ON COFFEE.

If reports from Washington are correct one of the innovations of the new tariff bill calls for the levy of a duty of four cents a pound on coffee. The ways and means committee of the house, which framed the bill, has been between two fires. One was the country-wide demand for a revision of the tariff and the other was the need of providing for an adequate revenue. It is for the treasury that the duty on coffee is to be suggested, rather than because of an appeal for protection from the planters of Porto Rico.

Years ago Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, made a hard fight to put a customs tax upon coffee. He argued that if the United States failed to take advantage of the chance to gain a revenue of from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000 Brazil would grasp it. It has turned out as he said. Several states of Brazil have imposed export taxes, the consumer in the United States, of course, paying this assessment. It is possible, but not very probable, that the Brazilian states will remove their export taxes in order to compete with Porto Rican and Hawaiian plantations, since the greatest market in the world is America. The average imports of coffee amount to 950,000,000 bags a year, the per capita consumption being about eleven pounds. A duty of four cents a pound would, figuring roughly, increase the family cost of living in the neighborhood of $3 per year in case the Brazilian states maintained their tariff and the growers of Porto Rico and Hawaii take the fullest advantage of the protection gained.

The trouble about a duty on coffee is that it would hurt those least able to stand the burden. The great coffee drinkers of America are those laboring classes which have the least income. Coffee with them is not a luxury, but a necessity, a food to be counted as much a part of the meal as bread and much more a part than meat. Those with higher income and those in what is termed moderate circumstances would hardly feel the tariff, but they would yet subscribe the least to the revenue.

Congress should not place this tax without being assured that it will work no hardship.

WOULD FIGHT FOR PEACE.

It would seem to be an offense against the nature of things if the universal peace societies should possess a measure of practicability. They cry for peace and disarmament and here is a sample of the way they would gain their aims, as set forth by Andrew Carnegie, the president of one of these organizations:

Let America agree to defend all possessions of Great Britain in the western hemisphere, the West Indies, Guiana, Newfoundland and the Canadian dominion. England in turn shall give its protection to the Philippines, Hawaii, Guam and share in the patrol of the Pacific mainland from Alaska to the California peninsula.

Where is the disarmament in this? It would mean the maintenance of big navies and armies, possibly larger ones, than the present. Militarism by international agreement might become more important in both the countries. Inventors would still study destructive forces and generals and admirals still clamor for increasing appropriations.

But impracticability appears to be an essential in the early growth of movements. The abolition agitation was begun by dreamers. The level-headed part of the population took it up later. It may be that the long desired "common sense of most" will prevail through the preachings of the idealists.

WHY JAPAN CAN'T FIGHT.

Frank G. Carpenter, who is now traveling in Asia, has gathered details of the financial situation in which the Japanese government was left after the war with Russia. It appears that Japan, more than the rest of the world, realizes the impossibility of undertaking a conflict with any nation of the first power.

The country is little larger than the state of California, and though it cares for a large population and possesses tracts of immense fertility and has, besides, important copper and coal mines, besides manufactories, the sources of revenue could now be extended only with the greatest difficulty. The national debt amounts to more than a billion dollars, less than that of the United States by a billion and a half. The expenses of 1908 absorbed $365,000,000 of the public revenue. The taxes, estimated to be between $15 and $20 per family, brought in $150,000,000 last year, so that there was a deficit in a year of peace of more than $200,000,000. Ten years ago the country managed very well with a tax income of $50,000,000. It is only a few years since Nippon had no foreign loan whatever. Now she owes more than $800,000,000 abroad.

It is a fact that many countries exist very happily under an excessive national debt. France, for example, owes five billions of dollars. Russia, in spite of the disturbed conditions politically, meets interest upon four billions, and only recently placed another large loan in France. Our own debt cannot be spoken of as a burden. But Japan has neither a territory of sufficient size to permit of a great expansion, nor a great wealthy class which has accumulated large fortunes through many generations. The country, from a western point of view, is new. The land calls for investment. Production has not reached a stage of marked importance. Bankers at home are calling for retrenchment, and hints have been abroad that a further loan will be hard to float.

In such a situation Japan is in no shape to talk of hostilities with the United States. To place her army of 600,000 in the field and to order her reserves of 3,600,000 to prepare for action would be so costly that bankruptcy would follow possibly within a month.

A SURVIVAL.

The Anti-Imperialist league, at the conclusion of its tenth year, needs to offer no apology to its members for its continued existence and for its projected activities. It sees, with satisfaction, fruition of its labors, but the harvest has not been garnered.—From the annual report.

One of the most curious departments of history is that of strange survivals. The ceremonial of an idolatrous priesthood becomes, in time, the practice of authority or the observance of darkest superstition. Weather vanes, church gables, the gallows, gargoyles, and even towers of certain shapes have relations with beliefs buried in the mists of the past. Men wear buttons upon their coat tails though the sword, for the support of which they were used, is no longer worn. The cravat remains, but its original utility is gone. It is by the contemplation of such survivals that you may understand why the Anti-Imperialist league still persists, still holds its annual meetings and still issues its bombast. A patient reader can scan a few lines, close his eyes and in imagination hear once more the Democratic national candidate of 1900 bellowing his predictions of militarism, dictatorship and terror—an echo nearly nine years of age.

ROCKEFEFLLER THE AUTHOR.

There are few persons who possess the gift of universality. It is a rarity when any one does more than one thing unusually well. Still there is a good deal of disappointment expressed by those who expected John D. Rockefeller to succeed as an author, as he has succeeded in corralling wealth and in playing a skillful game of golf.

The installments of the reminiscences of Mr. Rockefeller fail to reveal either anything very new or very startling in the history of the great monopoly he founded, or to bring out points of character in the writer. The narrative wanders serenely over a field ever sunny and peaceful. One might gather that floating the Standard Oil company and walloping the competitors were as easy as making a purchase of a consignment of eggs from a Chicago cold-storage plant. Interspersed here and there in the story are homilies upon the human virtues, platitudes with little change of word or style from those which used to appear in the books of the Presbyterian Sunday-school library, but lacking their attractive dress and occasional excitement. The portraits you may find in the family album, or some so nearly like them you could hardly tell the difference, and the other pictures are several degrees less interesting than the wood cuts of an earlier period.

As an author we fear Mr. Rockefeller will command little renown. His signature will ever have a far more entertaining quality when signed to a check than when appearing at the head of a manuscript.

A PILFERING TRUST.

One of the defenses of the trusts is that they represent a vast economic change and are being prosecuted, not for willful wrongdoing, but for being parties to the change. Rebates, they say, can be justified and have been justified. The absorption of a competitor is no worse in their case, they argue, than in that of a shoemaker who takes over a rival's shop in order to have a clearer field. They protest plaintively that they are supposed to possess scruples altogether artificial.

In the case of the sugar trust there is wanting scruples of a fine old-fashioned sort, the kind in existence as far back as "short changing" has been thought reprehensible. This monopoly was found guilty last week of robbing the government. It did not do so by means of secret agreements with transportation companies and selling agents. The pilfering was carried on with short weights, a mean and petty cheating such as you might expect to find in a slum grocery, but nowhere else. The gains per weight were a quarter cent and a half cent at a time. But as great quantities were handled the trust could count upon a big profit every year. The evidence indicated that the officers of the company could shardly have avoided being acquainted with the stealings and a party to them.

If the trust could bring itself to swindle the government it may have wanted scruples in its business elsewhere.

Mr. Roosevelt rode in a New York street car the other day without being recognized. His home city is probably the only place in the country where he could do that.

Bunyan in Prison.

A-many lay with him in Bedford jail—
Cut-throats and thieves and women of the street;
Spawn of all evil sprawled about his feet,
The while he dreamed his Dream and told his Tale.
What mattered it to him? Within the pale
Of those four walls, him Faithful stopped to greet
Or with stout Hopeful walked in converse sweet,
And Christian o'er Apollyon did prevail.

And so the foul wards widened when he willed—
Let in a world in little, then, narrowing grew
To semblance of the Giant's dungeon dull;
Shifted to shapes of the vale and meador, filled
With all the Vision's glory, changed The shining rooms of the House into beautiful.

"Then saw I in my Dream"—The fair refrain
Sprinkles the printed page, till we forget
He had his waking hours, when the fret
Of fear that just missed madness teased his brain
Traveling with his own peculiar pain.
In every path his Pilgrim knew, he set
Feet that might stumble, but linger not, and yet
Knew not the end—that was the Dream again!

What wonder, in his book, the Valley grim
Stretches ere rise the Mount's Delectable,
And the Slough lies before Emmanuel's Land,
Full many a league? God's peace came late to him
Who trod the road from Earth to Heaven, and spanned
With his rack'd soul the gulf 'twixt Heaven and Hell.

—Frank Preston Smart, in Putnam's.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

Harper's Magazine.

Two Northern men were once dining in a restaurant in a Louisiana town on the Mississippi, when they observed, high up on the wall of the cafe, a red mark, beneath which was this inscription:

"Inundation of 1875. High water mark."

"Surely you don't expect the people to believe that the river ever rose as high as that here?" protested one of the visitors.

"Not exactly," explained the proprietor blandly. "As a matter of fact," he added indicating a point scratched not far above the ground, "the water came up to here."

"Then why that inscription," asked the complainant.

"Well, sir," continued the proprietor, "you see, when the mark was down there the children rubbed it out so continuously we had to put it there out of their reach."

The Duke of the Abruzzi has picked up many interesting stories in the course of his various travels, and he is fond of telling the following which he heard in far North: A young Eskimo loved a beautiful maiden, whose father's hut was near his own, but, as is so often the case, her parents would not hear of the match. One night a great storm ripped up a crevasse in the ice, and between the two huts there yawned an abyss bridged only by a slender strip of ice. Here was the chance which the young lover sought. He crossed the frail bridge in the dead of the night and crept to the home of his sweethear to steal her from her cruel father. The Eskimos sleep in bags of sealskin; and, with bated breath and loudly beating heart, he hoisted on his back the one in which his lady love slumbered. With his precious burden he crossed the strip of ice, and, safe on the other side, broke it down with a blow of his axe so that no one could pursue him save by the aid of a boat. Regarding his hut he opened the bag to gaze upon the fair one, when, with a cry of horror he staggard back dumfounded. For, in his haste to get the affair over, he had stolen her father by mistake!

Andy McTavish was "no feelin' juist weel," so he went to the doctor and stated his complaints.

"What do you drink?" demanded the medico.

"Whusky."

"How much?"

"Maybe a bottle a day."

"Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Two ounces a day."

"Well, you give up whisky and tobacco altogether."

Andy took up his cap and in three steps reached the door.

"Andy," called the doctor, "you have not paid for my advice!"

"Ahm no' takkin' it," snapt Andy, as he shut the door behind him.

It is a curious fact that the invariable first thought of a British jack tar when landing from a cruise is to get on a horse. For purposes of economy one animal frequently serves for two or three grinning sailor boys.

Recently a sailor from the fleet of British warships that accompanied the Prince of Wales to Quebec approached the keeper of a down-town livery stable and asked for a horse.

"For riding or driving?" asked the liveryman.

"We'll be goin' aboard of 'im," responded the sailor.

"What kind of a horse do you want?" continued the liveryman—"black, white, chestnut, sorrel—lively or gentle?"

"Stow all that," said the sailor; "what I'm after is a good long one. There's eight of us agoin' on 'im."

"Dicky," said his mother, "when you divided those five caramels with your sister, did you give her three?"

"No, ma. I thought they wouldn't come out even, so I ate one 'fore I began to divide."

Youth's Companion.

"What are marsupials?" asked the teacher, and Johnny was ready with his answer.

"Aanimals that have pouches in their stomachs," he said, glibly.

"And for what are these pouches used?" asked the teacher, ignoring the slight inaccuracy of the answer. "I'm sure that you know that, too."

"Yes'm," said Johnny, with encouraging promptness. "The pouches are for them to crawl into and conceal themselves when pursued."

A man advertised recently in a London paper to forward, on receipt of postage stamps, "sound, practical advice that would be applicable at any time and to all persons and conditions of life."

On receipt of the stamps, he sent his numerous victims the following:

"Never give a boy a penny to hold your shadow while you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week."

"Yes sir," said the pale, youthful suitor; "I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand. She is fair as lillies, sweet as honeysuckle, tender as a violet, charming"—

"Is that Mary you are talking about?" asked papa.

"Yes, sir. It is mere formality, I know, this asking for your daughter's hand; but we thought it would be pleasing to you if it were observed."

Mary's papa stiffened.

"And may I inquire," he asked who suggested that asking my consent to Mary's marriage was a mere formality?"

"You may sir," replied the young man simply. "It was Mary's mother."

A prominent physician of Baltimore tells of an amusing experience of the early days of his practice, when he was residing in a small town where by far the majority of the workers were coal miners.

"I was greatly distressed by the unsanitary conditions prevailing in their cottages," says the doctor, "and among other things I tried to explain to each household the importance of maintaining a wholesome atmosphere in the sleeping rooms. I laid in a stock of thermometers, which were distributed to ther households where they were most needed. I took pains to point out to each family in turn just how the thermometer would indicate the proper degree of temperature.

"As I was making the rounds one day I inquired of the woman at the head of one establishment, wherein I observed my thermometer proudly displayed at the end of a string, whether she had followed my instruction.

"'Yes, sir,' answered she, 'I'm very careful about the temperature. I watch the thing all the time as it hangs up there.'

"'What do you do when the temperature rises above 68?'

"'I take it down, sir, an' put it outside till it cools off a bit.'"

SALOONS ARE ON THE RUN SAYS WM. ALLEN WHITE

In the American Magazine, William Allen White, writing of various reforms of the past few years, sums up the progress made by the temperance movement as follows:

"In spite of the Fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States, persons and corporations having millions of dollars invested in many of the states, are being deprived of their property without due process of law."

The closing of the race tracks in Missouri and New York, which has been followed by a slump in race-track gambling all over the country, has deprived thousands of people of property which they considered just as sacred as do the railroad holders of coal mines in Pennsylvania, and probably with about as much equity. And when one estimates the amount of property destroyed by the growing sentiment against gambling in every American state during the ten years now passing, it is hard to realize that the Fourteenth Amendment should stand idly by and see all this wrong done, while it is so active in behalf of the public service corporations! But the greatest destruction of property in the country without due process of law has been done in the brewery and saloon business.

"The anti-saloon sentiment of the nation seems to have gone to work about ten years ago, and worked without much result for half a decade. But since 1904 results have been coming regularly. State-wide prohibition now prevails in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma. Kansas adopted prohibition in 1880 but did not enforce it rigidly in the larger cities until 1906, and Maine has galvanized her old law into new efficiency. Prohibition now has abolished the saloon in a majority of the counties in Arkansas, Missouri, Texas, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. And in every one of these states excepting New Hampshire and Iowa, where prohibitory laws were repealed in 1903, there is a strong movement for state-wide prohibition, endorsed more or less definitely by one of the two ruling parties. In the election of 1908 the anti-saloon league made gains in New York, Illinois, South Carolina, Washington, Idaho and Ohio. The movement is strong in southern California, and is moving rapidly up the coast. In Colorado the saloon has been abolished from 93 towns within the past two years. In Massachusetts in five years there has been a gain of 110 towns for the anti-saloon territory, and Worcester is said to be the largest prohibition town in the world. In Michigan there are now 11 prohibition counties and 700 prohibition towns, as against 2 counties and 400 towns five years ago. In Minnesota five years have seen the prohibition towns grow from 400 to 1,611. In New Jersey, where there has been a warm contest for four years, the temperance people have secured Sunday closing. And a state-wide campaign for county prohibition is waging in Pennsylvania.

"The movement against the saloon is gaining headway in every American state. And sentiment now differs from sentiment thirty years ago; there is little emotionalism in this movement. It is subject to no reactions. The people seem to feel that the saloon is a law-breaker; that it is a business extravagance, and that it corrupts politics, and keeps the people from accomplishing their ends. Hence capital invested in the liquor business is not restricted, as capital invested in public service corporations, not divided as all capital is divided through the tax-laws of the state, but destroyed without due process of law, and without recourse or damages from the state."

Party Supremacy

Boston Herald.

Now that Taft has been elected, it is interesting to note that, during the 124 years terminating in 1913 which our government will have existed under the constitution, the supreme executive power will have been placed for 68 years with the Republican party and its predecessors and for 56 years with the Democratic party and its predecessors.

At the close of John Adams' term, in 1801, the Federalists, liberal constructionists, had held the presidency for 12 years. For the ensuing 40 years the Anti-Federalists, or Democrats, strict constructionists, were in possession of the government, except for the four years from 1825 to 1829, when John Quincy Adams was president. During the next 20 years, down to the civil war, the Democratic party carried three presidential elections and the Whig party two.

The greatest preponderance of Anti-Federalist and Democratic rule was in 1861, at which time the government had been eight years under such control and only 24 years under Federalist and Whig influence.

The Republicans held the presidency for the 24 years following 1861, and by 1885 had re-established the balance between liberal and strict construction, each party having held control for 48 years. This balance was destroyed in favor of the Democrats by Cleveland's first election, restored by the election of Harrison, deflected again in favor of strict construction by Cleveland's second election, and again re-established by McKinley's first election. By McKinley's second election the period in which the liberal constructionists were in power exceeded that of the strict constructionists for the first time since the balance was destroyed in favor of the latter in 1813.

By the election of Roosevelt and Taft the period of liberal construction of the constitution by the executive power will exceed that of strict construction by 12 years. During the 52 years succeeding 1861 the Republican party will have been in executive power 44 years and the Democratic party only 8 years. Of the last 13 presidential elections the Republicans have won 11 and the Democrats only 2. The following table shows to the eye the varying struggle between these two schools of interpretation of the constitution since the establishment of our present form of government in 1789. It also shows that, although the first four Democratic presidents were re-elected, no Democratic president has been elected to succeed himself since Jackson, in 1832. The figures represent the number of years that each administration held office:

	Federalist. Whig. Rep.	Anti-Federalist. Dem.
Washington	8	..
Adams, John	4	..
Jefferson	..	8
Madison	..	8
Monroe	..	8
Adams, John Quincy	4	..
Jackson	..	8
Van Buren	..	4
Harrison and Tyler	4	..
Polk	..	4
Taylor and Fillmore	4	..
Pierce	..	4
Buchanan	..	4
Lincoln and Johnson	8	..
Grant	8	..
Hayes	4	..
Garfield and Arthur	4	..
Cleveland	..	4
Harrison, Benjamin	4	..
Cleveland	..	4
McKinley & Roosevelt	8	..
Roosevelt	4	..
Taft	4	..
Totals	68	56

The Old Spanish Dons.

Outing.

For a quarter of a century, or since 1884 or 1885, there has been an extraordinary movement from all over the country to the southwestern portion of the United States, the sleepy region of the old Spanish dons who, for centuries, lived and owned principalities on the shores of the Pacific literally between the desert and the deep sea.

This movement has taken the shape of tourists' excursions very similar to the throngs who yearly migrate to the south of France and Italy, but with this exception in Europe, they are tourists pure and simple; they rarely remain. While the men and women, generally rich or well to do, who have braved the terrors of the great "American Desert," have in so many instances succumbed to the climatic, scenic and other charms of Southern California that in a quarter of a century they have taken possession of the region, planted it with countless orange groves, built large towns and villages, and made of the pueblo of Los Aegeles, an adobe town of a few thousand Mexicans and Ameircans, a city of nearly 300,000.

Women Not Spendthrifts.

Harper's Bazar.

When woman is treated like a rational animal in the matter of money she usually justifies the experiment. Why shouldn't she? It is she who feels financial shortages, who suffers the effect of extravagance, business or personal, more than man. You, John, must ride to your office every morning, no matter whether dividends have been declared or assessments levied upon investments. You must be decently clad to meet your fellow men in business. You must have a nourishing luncheon at noon to support the rigors of the afternoon work, and your worries over the miserable state of the market must be soothed by a cigar. Meantime, in periods of financial depression, your wife has walked to market—which needn't at all disturb you, for it's good for her—to save car fare; she has said to the cook—unless she has dismised that functionary—"Just bring me a cup of tea and some toast for my lunch; I'm not hungry."

AMERICAN AID A BOON

Leslyie's Weekly.

What can be done by an orderly and intelligent administration of state affairs, even where former conditions have been chaotic and revolutionary, is shown by the present administration by the United States of the finances of the Dominican republic. Prior to 1905 that little republic was constantly in commotion, its government having been in the hands of grafters, whose aim was to exploit the resources of the land for their own gain, and who depleted to a state of almost hopeless insolvency the finances of the country and reduced the earning capacity of the people to a fearful extent. As each revolution not only increased the public indebtedness, but also impaired to an alarming degree the security for its payment, foreign creditors were clamoring for the aid of their governments in the collection of their debts. Then it was that the United States government interposed, and at our instance the decree of March 7, 1905, was issued by the constitutional president of the Dominican republic, placing the collection and disbursement of the revenues in the hands of officials designated by the President of the United States. The Presidential order was carried into effect by Secretary Taft, Brig. Gen. Clarence Edwards, the chief of the bureau of insular affairs, recalled a number of Americans from the customs service in the Philippines. Col. George R. Colton was placed in charge as comptroller and general receiver. Shortly after Col. Colton assumed control, President Morales left the city of Santo Domingo and a revolt at Jaina took place. Later President Morales resigned and the vice president, Ramon Caceres, was declared president.

Woman Ran Ahead of Taft

Hutchinson (Kan.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hutchinson and Reno county lay claim to the first woman to hold the title of clerk of the district court in the state of Kansas in Miss Amy J. Alexander, who will aid Judge C. E. Branine, of Newton, in the handling of court matters in the Ninth judicial district. At the election Miss Alexander was elected to this office by a majority of 1,027. As the Republican party candidate she ran 500 votes ahead of W. H. Taft in a Republican county.

Unlike some of her fair sisters in the far East, she does not believe in the extermination of man, but desires to place the two sexes on a fair and equal basis, with the right of assisting in running the affairs of the government belonging to the women.

Miss Alexander was born in Hutchinson July 10, 1883. The same home on Sherman street which shields her mother in her declining years marks her birthplace. Her father, the late D. S. Alexander, was one of the first citizens of Hutchinson. Since her graduation from the local schools Miss Alexander has devoted her entire time to the support of her aged mother.

Miss Alexander entered public life seven years ago, when but a girl, becoming a deputy under J. M. Wyman in the office to which she has recently been elected. She has filled the same position during the term of office of R. H. Flinn, present clerk of the court. She will make no announcement as to who will assist her in the office work, other than that her deputy clerk will be a man.

Wild Foxes in Chicago Park.

Chicago Daily News.

Two red foxes are roving wild in Washington park. The animals are living in holes, slinking forth at night to trap their prey. Indiana is believed to be the former home of the invaders of civilization. Unlike other such animals found abroad in Chicago, which have been traced to former owners, these foxes are thought to know nothing of the restraint of man and to have wandered from an unsettled district of Indiana to Washington park.

In former winters Washington park was almost colonized by rabbits, but this winter the long eared creatures have been comparatively scarce. It is believed the foxes have made prey of the rabbits and decimated their numbers.

Rooster Helped to Win Match.

Boston Herald.

"Talk about luck in golf," remarked Aleck Ross, the former national champion, at the Brae Burn Country Club a few days ago, "reminds me of a match I once lost by what I considered the greatest piece of hard luck that ever befell a golfer.

"It was when I first joined the professional ranks and was playing one of my first big matches. My opponent and I were all even going to the last hole and after making a poor drive I made a good approach, and my ball landed about a foot from the cup on the last hole. My opponent's drive was a good one, and on his second shot the ball was on the rim of the cup. Just then a rooster was crossing the course and he deliberately stepped on my opponent's ball and knocked it into the hole, thereby winning the match for my opponent."

Bad Year for Maine Ships.

Kennebec Journal.

The year just passed was a bad one for the large fleet of Maine schooners that are engaged in the coal and lumber carrying trade along the coast. Previous to the financial panic of 1908 the coal freights from Norfolk, Baltimore, Newport News, and Philadelphia to Boston or Portland were from 90 cents to $1 a ton. At these rates, the large four, five and six masters made an average of 20 per cent. on the investment. When the panic came the bottom dropped out of the coal-carrying business, and freight rates went down to 75 cents a ton, then to 67 cents, then 50 cents, and even as low as 35 cents. At these rates the vessels were not averaging over 6 per cent. on the investment, which is very small considering the nazards of the business. Some of the owners take a chance and do not insure their parts, while those that do carry insurance are obliged to pay a rate of 7 per cent. on a new vessel, and a corresponding increase according to the age and rating of an older vessel.

Varieties

England investigates American ... and may complain to Washington.

In each 223 lunar months there are ... eclipses of the moon and 41 of the sun.

Works at Hiogo have just completed ... first modern locomotive ever built ... Japan.

Income tax bill is passed by the Fr... chamber of deputies and an elabo... plan of raising revenue is arranged ... the measura.

Dr. Max G. Schlapp, of Cornell uni... sity, tells New York society women ... the move for woman suffrage is a p... to the race.

New census bill providing for appo... ments under a modified merit system ... likely to be passed at the special ses... of congress.

European inventors are successfully ... deavoring to produce moving pict... which can be seen clearly without ... ening the hall.

Kingdon Gould, 22-year-old son ... George J. Gould, is elected a director ... the Missouri Pacific railroad, being ele... to succeed to his father's work.

There are villages in the Alps ... Pyrenees where electric power is so ch... that it does not pay to turn off the li... on leaving a room.

People of Mombasa, British East Af... are preparing a hearty welcome for Th... dore Roosevelt and settlers report se... thirty-two lions in one group.

A prominent French manufacturer ... glace fruits admits that the cherries ... California are at least as good in qua... as the French varieties.

President Taft at his first cabinet m... ing asks members of his official family ... leave to him the giving out of such in... mation as it seems best to make public.

Yalu river timber is to be exploited ... a Chinese-Japanese company, with ... managers, one of whom, and all labo... employed, must be Chinese.

Eustace Miles got damages at W... minister (London) against electric... who sold him an electric pad which, ... stead of warming the bed, set it on ...

Willis L. Moore replies in answ... "hysterical abuse" by newspaper cri... of his inauguration day prophecy, ... says he will promise fair weather ... under similar conditions.

A single dealer in Madrid sells annu... 30,000 larks, finches and other small ... for food, and the total number thus ... sumed is estimated at a million in ... city alone.

Miss

We want to send you a trial order of HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY at our risk—on our guarantee it will please you—or it will not cost you one cent—

We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this is.

We want to convince you of the extraordinary saving our DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY plan of selling means to you.

HERE'S OUR OFFFR—WE WILL SEND YOU

4 Full Quart Bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—Express Prepaid—for **$3.20**

Goods shipped in plain sealed case—no marks to indicate contents.

THE STAMP OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT

When it arrives—**try it**—every bottle if you like. Then if you don't find it all that we claim—one of the most exquisite whiskies you ever tasted and equal to any you could buy in your city for $5—send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail.

THINK OF IT — THIS IS AT THE RATE OF ONLY 80 CENTS A QUART FOR THIS HIGHEST GRADE BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY

—a whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under the U. S. Government supervision—every bottle sealed with the Government's BOTTLED-IN-BOND STAMP—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey—fully aged, full 100 per cent proof and full measure—absolutely PURE to the last drop.

Try it—That's all we ask. The expense is all ours if it fails to please you. Send us your order TODAY and be sure to address our nearest Shipping Depot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., New Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Division 370

DAYTON, OHIO ST. LOUIS, MO. ST. PAUL, MINN. CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

196 DISTILLERY AT TROY, OHIO ESTABLISHED 1866 CAPITAL $500,000 FULLY PAID

WEATHER AIDS SATAN

Professor Holds It Responsible for Crime.

Washington, March 15.—Professor William C. Ruediger, head of the department of Educational Psychology at George Washington University, says the weather is to blame for the unprecedented prevalence of crime recently. It has ranged from the midsummer sort to blizzards.

It is an established scientific fact, Professor Ruediger says, that the weather can drive one to desperation, and the conditions of the last week have been amply sufficient to account for the deeds of violence.

HE JUST SPENT IT

Badger Tries to Account for Campaign Money.

Madison, Wis., March 12.—State Game Warden James W. Stone yesterday explained to the senatorial primary investigation committee what disposition he made of $2,500 which he received from Senator Isaac Stephenson's campaign fund. Most of the money was handed to deputy game wardens. Some $600 of the fund Mr. Stone could not account for except that he "just spent it."

Mr. Stone said he had a similar experience as to campaign expenditures "when LaFollette ran for governor the second time."

GREAT FLOOD FEARED

River Is Rising in Southern Alabama.

Montgomery, Ala., March 15.—The Alabama river is practically at a standstill at 51.5, and the fear of an overflow into the city, crippling water and light plants, has passed. The river in the southern part of the state, however, threatens to reach a stage as great as that of the spring of 1886.

Corn, cotton, fertilizer and farm products and early planting losses already have been very high from the overflow. Steamboats leaving here today were instructed to send warnings to the isolated places cut off from telegraph and telephone communication.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

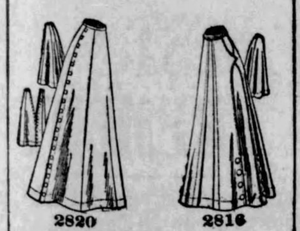
2822—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with square yoke with or without fancy collar. A very pretty model for taffeta, messaline or satin trimmed with hand embroidery. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2808—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with one-piece plain sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves. Any of the season's shirtings develop well in this neat model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2829—Child's One-Piece Dress, with Dutch neck and short sleeves. White Persian lawn was used for the development of this charming little model or for every-day wear it would be pretty developed in chambray. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2797—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with neckband or Dutch neck and sleeves; plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands, and Knickerbockers. Serge, flannel, linen, pique or duck are all suitable materials for this jaunty little suit. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

2820—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, closing with buttons at each side; specially designed for laundering. An excellent model for washable material as well as serge or flannel. 7 sizes—22 to 34.



2816—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, closing at left side and having habit back. The model here illustrated was developed in heavy white linen although it is adaptable to serge, chiffon, broadcloth, mohair or voile. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

1556—Girls' Dress, with or without body lining. Any of the pretty Scotch plaids or checked ginghams make up prettily in this simple model. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2795—Girls' One-Piece Dress, slipped over the head and having a separate guimpe. A very simple model for the growing girl is here shown developed in heavy white linen trimmed with all-over embroidery, insertion and edging. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2792—Ladies' Kimono Wrapper and Sack. Flannel, cashmere, challis or any of the pretty flowered or figured silks are pretty developed in this neat garment. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2433—Ladies' Work Apron. Most simple in construction and a very useful garment is this all-over apron developed in any of the striped or checked ginghams or linen. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2818—Ladies' Waist, in Tablier style and having body lining. For the waist of net this is an excellent model, and one that is easily made within the scope of the home dressmaker. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2814—Ladies' Jumper, with Guimpe. A very pretty style of the ever popular jumper pattern is here portrayed developed in black taffetas trimmed with a banding of black and gold embroidery, the guimpe being of black figured net. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2551—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with plastron yoke, three-quarter sleeves and a removable shield. Plaid taffetas or shepherd's plaid develop well in this pretty model the yoke and collar being of cream-colored all-over lace. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2810—Ladies' Russian Blouse Coat, in 41-inch length. An excellent model for serge, Venetian cloth, flannel, mohair or any of the French and English worsteds. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2650—Boys' Blouse or Shirt Blouse, with back yoke, facing and with or without permanent turn-down collar. A neat model which will develop well in any of the season's shirtings. 6 sizes—5 to 15 years.

2470—Girls' and Child's Apron. Plain or figured gingham, chambray, Indianh-ead cotton or linen make up well in this little knockabout apron for the small child. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2815—Girls'and Child's Apron. Any of the white materials trimmed with lace or embroidery are mostly used for aprons of this style. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2587—Child's One-Piece Dress and One-Piece Cap, specially suitable for laundering. Sheer white batiste was used for this little model, the cap being made of embroidery flouncing. 4 sizes—½ to 3 years.

2070—Girls' Three-Quarter Length Coat. A good model for the everyday coat of serge, flannel, or linen, with the collar and cuffs of a contrasting shade of material. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2833—Misses' Empire Coat, in seven-eighths length. Developed in serge, Venetian cloth, flannel or any of the new spring materials. This is a stylish and jaunty model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

BIG STEAMERS CRASH

Wireless Brings the News of Collision Off Coast on Long Island Sound.

BULLETIN.

Chatham, Mass., March 10.—The steamer H. F. Dimock is ashore here. She has on board the crew of the Horatio Hall. The latter steamer sank.

Boston, March 10.—Steamers H. F. Dimock and Horatio Hall have been in collision off Newport.

Wireless dispatches to the Metropolitan Steamship line gave the first word of the disaster.

The collision occurred during a heavy fog. It is understood both vessels kept afloat and that no lives were lost.

Wireless stations along the coast are receiving the C. Q. D. signal of distress and several steamers are going to the aid of the injured vessels.

One Vessel Is Beached.

A dispatch from Newport, received at 9:45, stated that a wireless dispatch received at the naval station reported the steamer Horatio Hall badly damaged below the water line and had been beached to prevent her sinking.

Officials of the line operating both steamers received messages telling of the collision, but no details were given, nor was the place indicated. It is supposed the accident occurred somewhere between Cape Cod and Point Judith.

Every effort was made to locate the vessels, but at 10:30 a. m. owing probably to the disabling of the wireless on the Hall and the fact that the Dimock carried no such equipment, neither of the steamers had been found.

Wireless Scores Again.

It was due solely to the wireless stations that any news of the collision has been received—that wonderful device again has proved its great value, as it did when Jack Binn flashed his signals from the stricken Republic.

The Dimock sails from Boston. Her gross tonnage is 2,625 tons and her net tonnage 1,786 tons. She is 271.8 feet long and her beam is 41.6 feet. She carries a crew of 26 men. The vessel was built in Philadelphia in 1884.

The Hall has a gross tonnage of 3,167 and a net tonnage of 2,007. She is 296.8 feet in length with a beam of 46 feet. Her crew numbers 55 men. Her home port is Portland, Me. She was built in Chester, Pa., in 1898.

ANOTHER SHIP ASHORE

Freighter Massachusetts Aground in Vineyard Sound.

Vinyard Haven, Mass., March 10.—The steamer Massachusetts, owned by the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, and bound from Boston for New York, grounded early today near Cedar Tree Neck, Vineyard Sound, while groping her way through the thick fog.

The Massachusetts is a new boat, one of the three placed on the recently established freight line of the New Haven road between Boston and New York. She left Boston at 4 p. m. yesterday with a general cargo but no passengers, and ran into the fog bank just before she came abreast of this port and losing her course struck at Cedar Tree Neck, which is on the Martha's Vineyard side of the sound.

The revenue cutter service and the cutter Acushnet, stationed at Woods Hole, was sent to her assistance shortly after dawn.

The Massachusetts lies not far from the landing place of the Marthas Vineyard and Nantucket cable and it is feared that some of the wrecking tugs may pick up the line during the operations of floating the steamer.

The Massachusetts was built in Philadelphia in 1907 and has a net tonnage of 1724. She is 375 feet long, 52 feet wide and 30 feet deep. She carries a crew of 70 men.

PERSIAN TROOPS BUTCHER WOMEN

St. Petersburg, March 15.—A dispatch to the Novoe Vremya from Julfa, on the frontier between Persia and Russia, says that 1,000 Persian government horsemen and 500 infantrymen are marching on Julfa from the Persian bank of the Araxes river, devastating the villages in their path and shooting down the people.

Already ten villages, four of them inhabited by Russian subjects, have been pillaged and burned. The troops are ruthlessly killing the fleeing peasants. Many women, carrying their children on their backs, attempted to swim the Araxes to the Russian side, but were shot down. Three hundred homeless families have taken refuge on an island in the river opposite Julfa.

WIRELESS SAVES VESSEL

Schooner Run Down at Sea, Is Towed to Port by Revenue Cutter Gresham.

Siasconset, Mass., March 13.—A wireless message received here from the United States revenue cutter Gresham, last night, told of a collision between the British steamer Vizcaina and the schooner Francis Goodnow, near Nantucket Shoals. While the steamer was reported to have escaped unhurt, it was believed that the schooner had been slightly damaged.

The Gresham, which had been cruising in the vicinity, picked up the Goodnow off Pollock's Rip light vessel some time later and towed her to Hyannis.

AIDS TOILING WOMEN

Mrs. Taft Calls Meeting to Discuss Their Welfare.

Washington, March 15.—Under the guidance of Mrs. William H. Taft and Miss Ann Morgan, daughter of J. P. Morgan, a meeting to discuss the welfare of working women will be held at the public library here soon.

Miss Morgan has been interested in this matter for some time, and Mrs Taft has been given a part in it at her own request, being particularly interested in the women employed by the government.

The specific matter before the meeting at this time will be the contention of the women in the bookbinders' department that they should be recognized by the civil service commission as bookbinders and not simply as skilled laborers.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth and Mrs. Oscar Straus will be at the meeting.

PLUCK CANNON'S POWER

Speaker Is Re-elected, but Motion to Retain His Severe Rules Is Lost.

Washington, March 15.—The insurgents have won their fight against the present system of house rules.

Dalzell's customary motion to retain the present rules was lost by four votes.

Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, was elected speaker of the house of representatives of the Sixty-first congress, receiving 204 votes; Champ Clark, of Missouri, 166; Cooper, Wisconsin, 8; Esch, Wisconsin, 1; Norris, Nebraska, 2; Hepburn, Iowa, 1.

The fight on the rules of the house began when Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution making the rules of the last house those for the present session. The Democrats forced a roll call on ordering the previous question.

The previous question was ordered 194 to 188, the effect of which was to shut off debate. The roll then was called on the adoption of the resolution.

The resolution was defeated, 189 to 193, thus accomplishing the success of the insurgents.

Senator Hale, chairman of the Republican caucus of the senate, today announced the following as the membership of the Republican committee to select the standing committees of the senate: Aldrich, chairman; Kean, McCumber, Crane, Flint, Sutherland, Curtis, Borah and Dixon. The committee immediately proceeded to reorganize the committees.

Assemble at Noon.

Both branches of congress were called to order at noon. This extraordinary session of the Sixty-first congress was called for the purpose of dealing with the tariff, but President Taft has not yet prepared his message.

The president's time is given over to callers and the prospect now is that he will not write the message before early tomorrow. This naturally will mean a comparatively brief message expressing in general terms his wishes and in no manner going into details.

The senate was called to order by Vice-President Sherman. Sixty-six senators answered to their names. Announcements were made of the illness of Senattors Bacon and Clay, of Georgia; McLaurin, of Mississippi, Culberson of Texas and Tillman of South Carolina.

Stephenson Takes Oath.

Senator LaFollette presented the credentials of his colleague, Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin, and accompanying him to the desk of the vice-president, M. Stephenson took the usual oath of office.

Senators Aldrich and Money were appointed a committee to wait upon the president to inform him of the meeting of the senate to notify him that that body was ready to receive any message he might wish to communicate.

Mr. Hale then moved that the senate take a recess until 2 o'clock, to give the committee an opportunity to transact the business assigned to it, and at 12:15 p. m. that motion was adopted.

Cannon Is Elected.

In the house, 382 members responded to their names, more than a quorum. Immediately after announcement of a quorum was made, Mr. Currier (New Hampshire) nominated Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, for speaker, and Mr. Clayton (Alabama) presented the name of Champ Clark, of Missouri, both under instructions of their respective caucuses. As the names of Messrs. Cannon and Clark were put in nomination, their respective partisans gave way to applause. The roll was then called.

When the result was announced Cannon was declared elected and Messrs. Clark (Missouri), Campbell (Kansas), and Bartlett (Georgia), were appointed a committee to escort the speaker into the chamber.

Soon afterward the committee, with Mr. Clark and the speaker arm in arm, appeared at the center door and proceeded slowly down the aisle to the rostrum, where the speaker took his accustomed place, the Republicans all the while cheering.

How Salesmen Make Money

The fact that several of Carnegie's millionaires began their business careers with him as traveling salesmen has often been referred to as an evidence of the manner in which drummers can come to the front. Anyone with intelligence, perseverance and tact can make money as a salesman. The National Salesman Training Association is sending out a book with hints on the subject, a copy of which will be sent to any reader of The Blade who will write to the association, addressing it at any one of its offices, either at New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis or San Francisco. In asking for the book, write to Department 174 of the association and mention The Blade.

GRIEF REALLY KILLS

Widower Drops Dead on Leaving Grave.

New York, March 15.—John Vanderhoeven, a retired merchant, 72 years of age, of No. 1253 Thirty-eighth street, Brooklyn, died suddenly, just as he was entering his house after having paid a visit to his wife's grave in Greenwood cemetery. His wife, who was 71 years old, died three weeks ago, and Mr. Vanderhoeven grieved continually.

When he returned from one of his daily visits to the grave yesterday he was just putting the key in the lock of the front door when he fell dead. Dr. Gould, of the Reception hospital, said that undoubtedly Mr. Vanderhoeven had died of a broken heart.

CONVINCED

Woman's Interesting Experience.

A Md. woman tells how she was convinced in regard to a matter of vital importance. She says:

"Before I used Grape-Nuts I was almost a physical wreck. I suffered untold agonies from indigestion, could not sleep a night, was on the verge of nervous prostration.

"I finally purchased a pkg. of Grape-Nuts, and the one pkg. convinced me it was just what I needed. I gradually grew better as I continued to eat the food and my ills vanished.

"I can now sleep soundly every night, going to sleep as soon as I retire. I never have dyspepsia any more.

"Too much cannot be said in favor of Grape-Nuts as a brain food for school children—makes them rosy and active.

It is just the kind of food one needs for that tired feeling, and produces a reserve force and energy which lasts." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Deaf People Now Hear Whispers

Listening Machines Invented by a Kentuckian.

Invisible, When Worn, but Act Like Eye-Glasses.

Ever see a pair of Listening Machines? They make the Deaf hear distinctly. They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind, or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

These little telephones make it easy for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing grows, because the ear nerves get rested up, and strengthen, the ear nerves, do not rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is the vibration of the ear drum that carries the sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

This is why people who had not in years heard a clock strike can now hear that same clock tick anywhere in the room, while wearing Wilson's Ear Drums.

Deafness, from any cause, earache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured (even after ear doctors have given up the case), by the use of these comfortable little ear-rosters and sound magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of making 326,000 Deaf people hear again. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co. 274 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

WICKERSHAM TO DECIDE

Action in the Standard Oil Cases Rests With the New Attorney General.

Washington, March 11.—The officals of the department of justice today again declined to discuss what further action will be taken by the government with respect to the several other criminal cases against the Standard Oil company for accepting rebates now pending in the courts for the northern district of Illinois. It is understood, however, that Messrs. Wilkerson and Simms, government attorneys in these cases, will come to Washington within the next few days for a conference with Attorney General Wickersham, when it is presumed a course of action will be decided on.

The decision of the court yesterday in the $29,000,000 fine case leaves still pending in the Chicago district court three double cases, in which two separate grand juries have found indictments. These three double cases are understood to be similar if not identical with the case decided yesterday.

Considerable attention has been given by government counsel to the case of the United States against the Standard Oil company, which shortly is to come to trial at Jackson, Tenn. The indictment in that case contains 1,500 counts, the specific charges being that the Standard shipped from Whiting, Ind., to various points in the south 1,500 or more carloads of oil on which concessions on rates were made by the railroads.

The decision of the circuit court at Chicago is not binding, as a matter of law, on the Tennessee judge, who may try the case, as he is not in the same circuit, but it is considered likely that he may follow the Chicago court so far as the two cases have similarity. The Tennessee case probably will be heard by Judge John E. McCall, of the Western District of Tennessee.

TAKES 7-STORY LEAP

Insane Cleveland Man Flees From Phantom.

Cleveland, March 15.—Laboring under the hallucination that he was pursued by a woman seeking his life, Harry Payton, son of Dr. and Mrs. Frank C. Dowd, jumped from the seventh floor of the Schofield building yesterday afternoon and now lies at Lakeside hospital probably fatally injured.

The young man was an inmate of the Cleveland state hospital and was in his father's office to have his teeth fixed when he plunged out of the window.

While hurrying in a taxicab to their son's bedside, Dr. and Mrs. Dowd themselves were badly injured when the vehicle in which they were riding crashed into an electric runabout. They were taken to hospitals. Both will recover, although Mrs. Dowd was knocked unconscious in the collision.

At the hospital it was found that Payton has sustained a fracture of both knees and several bruises and serious internal injuries. He regained consciousness on the operating table.

ARMY ON FRONTIER

Zelaya Has 6,000 Troops Ready to March on Honduras' Capital.

Washington, March 15.—Extraordinary military and naval activity on the part of Nicaragua prevails according to dispatches received at the State Department today from Mr. Gregory, the retiring Secretary of Legation at Manigua.

According to his advices about 6,000 Nicaraguan troops are now near the Honduran frontier. The chief scene of activity is in the neighborhood of Corinto, where also are concentrated four gun-boats and other auxiliary craft.

It is manifest that Zelaya's doings are beginning to cause considerable feeling against him, but it is not evident from the department's advices whether this is confined to the people and governments of the other Central American states, or whether there is disaffection at home with his attitude.

Trouble in Colombia.

Domestic politics are believed to be at the bottom of disturbances which have prevailed in the capital of Bogata, United States of Colombia, for the past three days. Rioting has taken place, the city has been placed under martial law, and it was found necessary to bring artillery into the plaza to restore order.

There are rumors also of disturbances in the provinces, and although the situation was regarded as disquieting the latest state department news from Bogata indicates that the city has again become quiet. A feature of the situation was the resignation of President Reyes on the 13th instant, but yesterday he again resumed his office.

It is believed in well informed circles that the negotiations of the American-Colombian treaty, which is recognized as a weapon of domestic politics by the element opposed to the government, is at the bottom of the trouble.

JURY IS COERCED

Startling Charges Made in Motion to Quash Indictments Against Oklahomans.

Muskogee, Okla., March 15.—Startling allegations are contained in motions to quash the indictments against Governor Charles N. Haskell and other prominent Oklahomans, charged by the government with conspiracy in connection with Muskogee town site scheduling. The motion was filed on behalf of the defendants and served on Assistant U. S. District Attorney Gregg last night.

The motions to quash charge misconduct on the part of Special Assistant Attorney General Sylvester Rush, of Omaha, who conducted the grand jury examinations. It is alleged government secret service operatives gave hearsay testimony before the grand jury, that important testimony was suppressed, that the government denied the jury's request for certain testimony, that witnesses were coerced and held in subjection, and that Rush told the jury that indictments should be returned because the government wanted them returned.

It is charged witnesses, instead of being permitted to testify freely, were confronted with previously prepared statements purporting to contain their testimony, and were forced to say the statements were correct, and that an implied threat was made by Mr. Rush when a juror attempted to question a witness.

The United States circuit court has been asked to assign a judge to try the case in place of Judge R. E. Campbell, of this district, who has declined to preside.

The indicted men are today in Vinita, where their arraignment is scheduled for today.

WOULD TAX TOBACCO

Bill Introduced in the New York Assembly.

Albany, March 15.—A tobacco tax bill has been introduced in the assembly by John R. Yale, Republican, Putnam. The measure provides for a scale of rates proportioned according to the population of the city, borough, town or village in which the tobacco business is carried on.

Every dealer in a city or borough of 1,500,000 or more must pay an annual tax of $100; in a city or borough, of between 500,000 and 1,500,000, $75; between 50,000 and 500,000, $5; between 10,000 and 50,000, $25; between 5,000 and 10,000, $15; between 1,200 and 5,000, $10, and in any other place, $5.

Assemblyman Reed put in a bill providing that manufacturers and dealers in cigarets shall pay a license fee of $25 a year to the secretary of state.

Another tax bill, introduced by Assemblyman Cuvillier, imposes a tax of 25 cents per developed horsepower on improved waterways of the state. The owners of waterpower are to make annual reports to the state tax commissioners.

DIES AT A LECTURE

Ann Arbor Woman Stricken While Bryan Talks.

Ann Arbor, Mich., March 15.—While attending the lecture of W. J. Bryan in University hall last night, Mrs. C. L. Grimes suddenly fainted and died within a few minutes after being carried to an outer room. A local physician who was near her at the time, gave first aid, but the woman succumbed to an attack of heart disease.

Mrs. Grimes was a very prominent club woman of Ann Arbor. Her husband died four years ago. She was 57 years old and four sons survive her. Charles Grimes is a junior in the engineering department of the university; George L. Grimes lives in Detroit, Dr. H. Grimes resides at Crystal Lake, Minn., and E. L. Grimes lives in New York city.

YOUTH, BORED TO DEATH, KILLS HIMSELF AT FETE

Paris, March 13.—Fernand Ravenez, a wealthy young Parisian, committed suicide at Monte Carlo last night under sensational circumstances.

The young man gave a supper to a number of his friends at which the pleasure was fast and furious. Several times during the evening Ravenez cried:

"This is nothing, a big surprise is awaiting you at the end."

At dawn, when the party were separating, Ravenez shouted:

"Now for the great surprise."

At the same time he arose abruptly and walked toward the Gypsy orchestra which was playing a Hungarian rhapsody. His friends, expecting a practical joke, watched him expectantly. They were stupified to see him suddenly place a pistol at his temple and fire. He fell dead.

The only reason for this act is described as "Sheer Boredom." Ravenez was only 20 years old and he had been a familiar figure on the Paris boulevards, where his liking for vivid clothing attracted attention.

Three years ago the young man figured in a sensational duel. He challenged a professional swordsman as a result of a cafe quarrel, but the swordsman refused to fight on the ground that Ravenez had not yet reached his majority.

Undaunted, Ravenez issued a challenge dated the day he was 18 years old, and he devoted the intervening time to rigorous training. When he finally did meet his adversary on the field the contest was of the fiercest character and it ended by Ravenez plunging his sword eight inches into his opponent's body.

PERFECTLY DEVELOPED BUST

I assert and will prove to you that my new, perfected, natural method (the true secret) DEVELOPS the BUST quickly, naturally and perfectly. Thin cheeks, scrawny neck and arms made plump and beautiful. New illustrated BEAUTY BOOK containing information how to develop yourself at home will be sent you in plain envelope FREE. Address HAZEL STUART, Secy. 20 East 23d St., New York, N. Y.

FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles FREE. DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 293 Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 38 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed). Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

ASTHMA AND CATARRH CURED TO STAY CURED. No relapse. No return of symptoms. Whetzal system of treatment approved by medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. **FREE TEST TREATMENT** including medicines, prepared for anyone giving a full description of the case and sending name of 3 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M. D., Dept. S, American Express Building, Chicago.

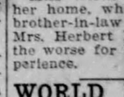
AGENTS PORTRAITS 25c, FRAMES 15c, photo pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 220-31 W. Adams St., Chicago.

LADIES Let us send you FREE a 50 cent Box of VIVANA, a Home Treatment for Female Diseases. Write now. EDWIN MERCER CO., Dept. M., DETROIT, MICH.

COINS I pay from $1 to 600 for thousands of rare coins, stamps and paper money dated to 1894. Send stamp for illustrated circular, get posted and make money quickly. VONBERGEN, the Coin Dealer, Dept. 15 BOSTON, MASS.

WE PAY $96 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X409, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

10 EASTER Post Cards FREE Beautiful designs of Flowers, Angels, Chicks, Lilies, etc. All different. Send free to introduce our wholesale catalog & agents' offer. Send 6c to help pay postage & advertising. BLUE ART CO., Dept. 312, 321 Lawndale Av., Chicago.



YOUR NAME IN GOLD TINSEL on beautiful embossed flower cards like a supply of assortment shown. All for 10c of 25 colored Post Cards. All cards are different. Together with our big bargain post card bulletin. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents wanted. Address MYER ART CO., Post Card Dept. H3 CHICAGO

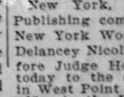
25 GRAND EASTER POST CARDS for 10c Gold Embossed Asters, brightly colored Crosses and Flowers with Easter Greetings, Easter Chickens, Easter Rabbits, Easter Eggs, etc. All printed in three or more colors and guaranteed to please or money refunded. SILK CARD CO., DEPT. 730, 1941 HARRISON ST., CHICAGO

EARN $7 DAILY, SELLING the Dr. Hanx famous Perfect Vision Spectacles—finest and strongest to be had. Write for special agents and dealers terms. Dr. Hanx Spectacle Co., Box 190 St. Louis, Mo.

25 FLOWER POST CARDS 10c Fancies, Roses, Violets, Forget-me-nots, Daisies, Lilies, etc. Splendid assortment. MYER ART CO., CARD DEPT C1 CHICAGO.

40 Beautiful Post Cards 15c Great Bargain. Includes beautiful Floral Cards, embossed, Battleships, Capitols, Beautiful Girls, Landscapes. This is positively one of the finest assortments ever offered at this ridiculous low price. All cards are beautifully colored. Some are being sold at 2 for 5c and 5c each. Handsome catalogues with each order, all sent prepaid. Address MYER ART CO., Post Card Dept. D3 CHICAGO

OLD SORES CURED Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Fever Sores, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swellings, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failures. By mail 50c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 89 St. Paul, Minn.



25 Post Cards 10c COLORED. ALL DIFFERENT. Fancies, Violets, Roses, Scenes, Views, etc. A splendid assortment, including cards you can sell at 5c and 10c each. This is a special offer to introduce our big bargain post card bulletin, which we send free with each order. Agents wanted. Order today. Address MYER ART CO., Post Card Dept. 121 CHICAGO

$10,000 to $15,000 Will pay 15 to 20 Per Cent. Investigate; if not as represented, will pay for trouble. C. E. HAYNES, The Maumee Wrecking Co., 369 South Erie St., Toledo, O.

20 Beautiful POST CARDS 8c A high grade assortment of beautifully colored Floral, Birthday, Pretty Girls, Landscapes, Battleship post cards, etc. Sold in many places at 2 for 5c and 5c each. In order to introduce our business we will sell all 20 cards postpaid for 8c. Our 1909 catalogue, for 5 cents, postpaid. DAVIS BROS., CARD DEPT. 34 CHICAGO

25 EASTER POST CARDS 10c Easter Chicks and Rabbits, Flowers, Angels, Crosses with Easter Greetings. All colored in three or more colors. The best, brightest and newest ever offered. NEW CARD CO., Dept. 24, 325 Lawndale Ave., CHICAGO

Get Married Matrimonial paper with advertisements of thousands of desirable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, mailed sealed Free. D.G.Gunnels, Toledo, O.

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS. Address, Sayman, 2419 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

WOMAN Listen: A secret every married woman should know; particulars for 2c stamp. Secret Formula Co., Fountaintown, Ind.

VALUABLE BOOK FREE
A Plea for the Normal.

This book tells you all about Nature's method of Cure. It tells you how to cure all diseases without taking drugs or medicines. There is more suffering from drugs than from disease. We want to put one million books in the hands of intelligent readers. TOXO-ABSORBENT CO., 2 Church St., Rochester, N. Y.

LEARN THE COLLECTION AGENCY BUSINESS. Unlimited field, little competition, pleasant work. We show you secrets of the business; also send pupils, supply of forms, blanks and stationery, sufficient to start making money at once. Send for explanatory booklet 4. Whitney Law Corporation, Dpt. X, New Bedford, Mass

SELL Tobacco and Cigars locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Good pay; promotion; experience unnecessary. Address Morotock Tobacco Works, Box V-24, Danville, Va.

LISTEN—160 a. farm $1,285; 400 bearing trees; other farms. McGrath Mountain View, Mo.

You can make mirrors; stamp brings samples and advice. A. Eagle Supply Co., Mattoon, Ill.

ASLEEP, BUT UNHURT

Girl Somnambulist Strolls in Harlem.

New York, March 12.—Miss Madeline Wirth, who was dreaming in her room at three o'clock, rose and, putting on her stockings walked down two flights of stairs and emerging from the doorway of her home at No. 239 East 123d street walked into Third avenue. She went for several blocks crossing and recrossing the avenue, and a motorman who nearly ran her down called the attention of the police to her.

Policeman Kingston, with the aid of a citizen, carried her to the East 126th street station house, where she woke up. He had placed about her his uniform coat and she was astonished at her trappings and her surroundings.

Miss Wirth was con

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY
The larger life ye cannot miss
In gladly, nobly using this.

MONDAY
Sweet courtesies and favors lend
To life a charm which hath no end;
No kindliness is ever lost,
E'en though but little it has cost.

TUESDAY
A thicket of doubts and fears may
present itself before us, but the boughs
bend and the briars part as we face
them, and we find a straight way ready
for our feet.

WEDNESDAY
To try to make others comfortable
is the only way to get right comfort-
able ourselves, and that comes partly
of not being able to think so much
about ourselves when we are helping
other people.

THURSDAY
The sun that veils itself from thee
Will shine again.
The clouds are very black, 'tis true;
But just behind them smiles the blue.

FRIDAY
The old days never come again be-
cause they would be getting in the
way of the new, better days whose turn
it is.

SATURDAY
Life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you
have,
And the best will come back to you.

LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASURES

ELIZABETH AYRES

Now is the season of the year when the flower and seed books become fascinating literature and visions of gardens all abloom with the wonderful blossoms pictured in the catalogues, fill minds, which, though past experience tells them the glowing promises will not all come true, are eager to try again and hope for better luck this time.

Garden articles abound in the magazines, and, even if you haven't a garden and do not expect to have one, you like to read how they should be made and planted, and to enjoy the pictures which show how they will look when the plants and shrubs are in flower and the air is sweet with their fragrance. And, if you have a garden, for a place for flowers, you begin to feel like going out in the yard to "poke around" and to see if anything has started. The mild weather makes you think it is nearly time to plant sweet peas, which need to be planted very early, as everyone knows who knows anything at all about planting flowers. Perhaps you did not have good luck with your sweet peas last year, and you think you will plant them in a different place, and you have to decide where this place shall be, and in making this decision you have a pleasant little talk or argument with the family. When you look out of the window, while the trees are as yet bare of the spring's new leaves, there is something about them that makes you say," why, it will be spring before we know it and everything will be fresh and green again."

March is a time of prophecy. There is a look in the sky when the sunset turns clear, that is a promise, and there is a breath in the air, intangible and sweet, that is another promise, and the best of it is, you are safe in being sure the promises will be kept. It is no wonder that with the promises, the magazine articles about gardening, and the "daffies" and violets and other spring blooms in the florists' windows, you begin to think of home-grown flowers and what you will have in your garden, or the place you call your garden, if you are fortunate enough to have anything of the kind.

Flowers are naturally sweet, gentle, modest, homeful things, especially the so-called old-fashioned varieties, which are no longer old-fashioned, but are now very "stylish," according to garden authorities. Flowers are one thing whose beauty can neither be detracted from or enhanced by fashion.

One cannot associate with flowers or be among them without being the better for it. A flower garden is not only a place for work, but therein are health and pleasure, too, that come from seeing the green things growing and from "browsing" among them, snipping and picking when the summer sun has brought them to full bloom. The full bloom season is yet in the distance, but it won't be long before "spading-up" time will be here and garden tools will be brought from their winter quarters and you will be setting out your pansies and daisies.

Home garden-making is one of the occasions which brings a family close together. It is a common interest in which each one wishes to have a hand and voice, and it gives that "glad I'm living" feeling, when father, mother and the children get together to talk and argue where it is best to plant this, that or the other. Presently, the raked and spaded soil will be bristling with little sticks, capped with pieces of the seed envelopes to mark the places of great expectations in the way of flowers. Later on, when the green shoots begin to prick through the earth, there comes fresh pleasure in watching and tending them, and you wonder if you are going to have good luck with your flowers this year.

The home garden is only one of the little pleasures, but the happiest are those who can enjoy the simple things that make up the average life, and even in the most humdrum existence there are opportunities for these little pleasures if you are alive to their signals.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

RECOMPENSE

One day, when life's duties pressed on me
And nerves were throbbing in sympathy;
When my eyes were heavy with held-back tears
And I felt the weight of all my years,
When 'My thoughts would cling to the mouldering past
Where the hopes of my youth fell thick in the blast,"
My boisterous boy like a whirlwind came
And, instantly noting my look of pain,
With strong lips lovingly seeking my face.
And lo! the dun-colored clouds were furled
And I dwelt in a radiant, sun-kissed world.

MRS. D. H. ZIMMERMAN,
Pemberville, Ohio.

EARNING MONEY AT HOME

In reply to the question, "How can woman earn money at home" I'll endeavor to offer a few suggestions.

For some there is the knitting of both ingle and double mittens for men. One right knit a supply for which there is always a demand in cold weather. A friend of mine patronizes a woman who does domestic cooking to order. People have their orders, and she cooks what they want. In this way there is not the loss to account for that there is when one tries to carry a ready supply. After one gets a start in this, they can soon work up quite a business. Another good occupation, and to me a very pleasant one, is that of pickling, canning, preserving and making jam and jelly to order. Your patrons furnish the material and you do the work.

For nimble fingers there is the wide scope of fancy work, from plain, hemstitched handkerchiefs to an endless variety of articles. I sewed for a lady once who did all kinds of sewing for art stores, and for some wealthy customers in several different cities. Anything and everything in the line of hemstitched or embroidered handkerchiefs, collars and ruffs, sofa pillows and baby pillow slips, fancy long or short kimonos, crocheted jackets, toques, bootees and bonnets, in fact anything she could think of she made and sold. When I left the town where she lived, she was employing four others to help her in the simpler parts of her work so she might be able to fill her orders.

The pattern that appeared in The Blade a short time ago for a shirt waist of Irish crochet would find a ready sale and should bring a good price. In fancy work one must be faithful to every little detail.

One fall for a service rendered to another, I received six pullets and a cockerel. The following spring I procured four more hens and set the ten, hatching 104 chickens. That fall I was offered fifty cents apiece for them. I sold forty, kept 28 hens and two cockerels, killed the rest, and sold what I wanted to of them, at twelve and a half cents a pound. The following winter my 28 hens more than supplied the groceries and flour for a family of five. Of course we were on a farm, so raised our own potatoes and vegetables. This did not hinder much in my sewing.

Since writing my own experience in earning money, I have read in one of my papers of another method. It is so simple and practical, and requires so little outlay of anything except time well spent for the health and the financial outlook, that it seems too good to keep, so I will pass it on. The article was called Selling Hemlock and Balsam and, in part, was this:

I live in the country, ten miles from a railroad. I wish to tell you how I make money at home. A great many of your readers must live near woods or pastures where evergreen trees grow. The running, ground evergreens are also of value. Now the dealers in the largest cities, perhaps two or three hundred miles from your home, will buy large quanities of evergreen for trimming at Christmas, and small hemlock and balsam trees suitable for Christmas trees. During the summer months I gather the ground evergreen, the kind that grows eight inches high in single plants, like small trees is the best and most valuable. The dealers will pay three cents a pound for the evergreen.

Any afternoon in July, August, September, October and November that I can leave the housework, I go to the moss-covered knolls in the pastures and pull the little evergreens. I take them to the house and pack them tightly in barrels in the cellar, and they keep nicely. The trees we get are mostly small ones, ranging from three to ten or twelve feet. For this work I hire a neighbor's boy. If the last of November is cold, I commence to get the trees. We drag them to the fence and pile them. The second week in December they are taken to the nearest town where they bring from three to twenty-five cents apiece, according to their size. In this way I am busy most of the time earning money pleasantly. The one who related her experience concluded by saying she has an increasing profit with but little expense and that she has followed this work for five years.

It seems a simple and healthful way for an energetic woman to earn quite a sum of money. With best wishes to all, I will close.—An Interested Reader.

ENJOYS FIELD WORK

Dear friends, may I step over from my place among the M. G. R.'s, and say a few words?

I was quietly listening in both circles but when I heard what Fluffy Flo said about farmers' girls not working in the field, I could not longer remain a silent listener

I am a farmer's daughter and see no harm in my going to the field and helping my father and brother, when they need an extra hand. I can do the work of a man, especially in the hayfield, and thus avoid the necessity of hiring outside help.

There are three other women to do the work in the house, so I am not needed there at all times.

Perhaps it is false pride, but I am proud to say that I can do the field work and understand the tools and stock of the place.

Neither do I feel disqualified thereby for my own profession—school teaching—as I am brought into a closer sympathy and understanding with my pupils, particularly those known as "the big boys."

Hoping I have not stirred up a hornet's nest, I shall go back and sit down again.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Being a plain home woman may be made one of the greatest successes in life if you make home a happy place to be in and add to plainness, kindness, tolerance and interest in the simple things that come your way.

Letters received during the past week are from Bird, Dossie, Emma Overby, The Talking Woman, Blue Eyes from Old Virginia, Martha of West Va., Lola Belle, Virginia Mountain Boy and S. C. Ames.

One of our friends who signs herself, The Talking Woman, writes: "I live in old Tennesse and was brought up by a father and mother who taught me that all I needed was one Sunday dress for four or five years, a split bonnet home-made shoes and the best company I could get." She thinks that children should be carefully guarded from bad associations.

L. C. Ames: Thank you for your approval of The Blade. We are glad to have you like us.

DIFFICULT TO DRAW

A teacher asked her class to draw a picture of that which they wished to be when they grew up, and all went diligently to work except one little girl, who only chewed her pencil.

"Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, I know," replied the little girl, "but I don't know how to draw it. I want to be married."—From Success Magazine.

FORMAL NOTE ETIQUETTE

More than mere writing and spelling, important though these are, must be included in a letter that is considered good form. For instance, the manner of beginning an epistle must follow certain set rules. A formal note or letter must always begin with: "My Dear Miss So-and-So." To omit the "my" is to betoken familiarity or informality. The rule is precisely reversed in England, a fact that women who visit on the other side of the Atlantic would do well to remember should occasion arise for writing to an English woman. There the formal beginning is: "Dear Miss So-and-So."

It is not considered etiquette to begin the first sentence with "I." Should the topic require the personal pronoun the paragraph must be so constructed that the "I" comes in later than the first line.

Neatness is a sine qui non of a correct note, as is avoidance of glaring conspicuousness, either as to color or shape in stationery.

In no circumstance is it correct to write a prefix before a note when signing the name. Should the communication be to a complete stranger who does not know whether the writer is married or unmarried, the prefix "Miss," in brackets, should precede the name. A married woman, writing to a stranger, would sign her name in full, beneath it writing her husband's name. For example, if her name is Mary Ellen Smith, and her husband is John Jones Smith, she writes Mary Ellen Smith, and then, directly below it, in brackets, Mrs. John Jones Smith. This is the form when writing a business note, or to social inferiors; to a member of her own class she would sign Mary Ellen Smith, and then enclose her visiting card. It is amazing how many women disregard this most important particular.

When the envelope is being addressed the whole name of the recipient should be written.

Initials alone are considered slipshod.

A stamp must always be put on square in the upper right hand corner. To allow it to tilt in any angle, or to be placed on any other part of the envelope, is regarded as a mark of vulgarity. Only the tip of the flap may be moistened to seal. Unless there is an enclosure which might fall out, good form dictates that the whole gummed edge shall not be called into use. It should be so fastened that not the least difficulty will be experienced in running a finger between the flap and envelope to open.

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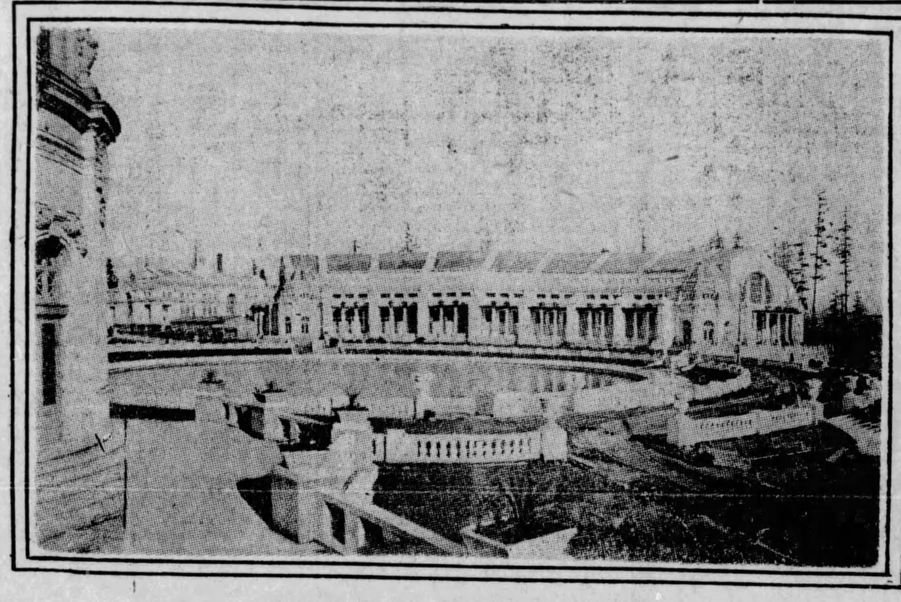
THE EXPOSITION OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST



A GLIMPSE OF THE EXPOSITIION GROUNDS.

Perhaps no country in the world offers as many inducements to the traveler as the Pacific northwest—the land of beautiful summers and mild winters. With its wild rugged scenery, still practically unchanged by the hand of man, its vast area enclosed by a chain of snow-capped mountains, with its western boundary lapped by the cooling waters of Puget Sound, the Pacific northwest offers many new and novel scenes to the traveler who has never visited this section of the United States.

Seattle is the central city of this new country and the name is familiar even to those who have never been west. Linked with the discovery of vast wealth in the Klondike and Alaska, noted for the marvelous undertaking of cutting down mountains of earth to make room for business streets, the name of Seattle has become a synonym for commercial enterprise and business energy. In order to exploit the resources of Alaska and the Yukon territory and to more firmly establish its position among the cities of world importance, a world's fair, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, is to be held in Seattle, beginning the first of June and ending in October. In many respects this will be the most novel as well as the most important exposition ever held in the United States.

Already the fair site, covering an aera of 250 acres in the very heart of a virgin forest, is taking on the appearance of a world's fair exposition grounds. The present indications are that the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will have the distinction of being the first world's fair to be complete in every detail before the opening date. Over ninety per cent of the buildings have already been completed.

The Alaska exhibits and those of the various Pacific coast states are now being assembled for shipment to Seattle and will be installed in the exhibits' building at least thirty days in advance of the opening of the exposition. The purpose of the Alaska display will be to dispel the impression that the northland is simply a land of gold and ice and in addition to the exhibits of its wonderful mineral resources Alaska will show what can be done in an agricultural way in the northern territory.

From the standpoint of the beautiful it is safe to say the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will surpass any previous world's fairs. Nature has done much to aid this great western undertaking and perhaps no place in the word could offer a more beautiful site, adjacent to a large city. From the head of the Cascades in the central portion of the grounds the snow-capped dome of Mount Ranier can be seen as though it were standing as a sentinel at the southern entrance To the northeast the white peaks of Mount Baker reach into the sky in the dim distance, and looking to the southwest one sees the perpetual snow fields of the Olympics, and far to the northwest the Selkirks are outlined against the horiozn.

Washing the shore of the grounds, and affording two entrances by water, are two large lakes, Lake Washington and Lake Union. Both of these landlocked bodies of water are visible from some portion of the grounds, adding to the natural beauty of the scene. Nature will also have its part in the production of the most beautiful floral display, for the climate conditions of the Puget Sound country make it possible to do landscaping that could not be undertaken in any other section of the continent. Every conceivable place about the buildings and grounds will be covered wth growing, blooming flowers of every known variety. The green-houses have been in operation for two years and already there are more than one million plants ready for transplanting.

The Arctic Circle is to be decorated with a solid mass of pansies of an English variety, never before grown in this country. More than 250,000 rose bushes will be in bloom during the opening month of the fair in June, and not less than 100,000 geraniums will decorate various parts of the grounds.

The Arctic Brotherhood building will be one of the most hovel structures on the ground. It will be entirely built of logs, fashioned after the style of the old-time road houses in the North. This will be one of the permanent buildings, to be used by the University of Washington as a museum for Alaska curios. It will also be a fraternity house for University students whose homes are in Alaska.—Jay R. Thomas, in the March Travel Magazine.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

I did not get to the first session of the reunion, and the reason is easily explained. Truth Seeker and I, not wishing to be selfish, took a look around for some M. G. R's to accompany us in our "special" (?) car.

Leaving the Chilocco Indian school, we went to Missouri, making a short stay with home folks there, then back to Oakland. Our stay in this place was cut short, and we took a trip across Arkansas, Kentucky and Tennessee. We stopped a few days in Cincinnati, and after a long ride in Indiana, landed in western Michigan. Then to our old home in the eastern part of the state.

During the hunt for M. G. R's I wore my badge conspicuously, but it availed me nothing. Not a mate to it did I see.

Well, really, the reunion was fine. I thought the table that was prepared especially for the juniors looked as pretty as peach blossoms. Of course we older ones went in for visiting more than we did for good looks. (By the way, that makes me think to ask, who was that fat, bald-headed man talking with the lady with grayish hair? They spoke as if they were charter members of the M. G. R.) And, oh, yes! Did you notice how portly some are getting, and how thin others are? Well, we all felt very happy to be together again I'm sure.

And I was glad to know that so many considered this old world a very good place to live in. Not one did I hear complain of any reverses, but all seemed happy and contended.—Bonnie Burnie.

It has been a long time since any one from "Sunny Tennessee" has answered "roll call," so I can only think this an opportune time for me to perform this duty, and also receive the initiatory degree of the order.

The old Blade has been a welcome visitor in our home for nearly eighteen years. I can recall with pleasure many happy hours we have spent together, which otherwise would have been dull and monotonous.

I have read with interest the letters of the M. G. R. columns—in fact, I feel that I almost know you all yet. Through a thing of circumstance well surfeited with procrastination I have failed to join the circle. I'll not give any description of myself, or of the "Volunteer State," as the former might be uninteresting, and the fame of the latter is universal.

I have been traveling the past year and could tell you many interesting things about the south, New England, the "Golden West" and of other lands, but can do this later. Trust I'm not too late for the reunion, and that our hostess will allow me a seat in the pow-wow.

I hope that 1909 may be to many of you the happiest of happy years.—"Tennessee Bach., Jr."

I have been an interested reader of your columns since my first visit, and in the Cozy Corner of recent date, I saw a letter from Sunny New Mexico. It looked neighborly and I would be glad to hear from any others of this territory.

Since my first visit I have been to "The Land of My Birth"—Kansas. The old home is in the southeastern part at Independence. I spent Xmas there. They are having snow and cold, while we, in New Mexico, enjoy very mild, pleasant weather.

May I ask Miss (?) Squires what part of New Mexico she lives in? I, too, am a homesteader, and though we are nearly twice as high as you, we raise frijoles, maize, kaffir corn, potatoes and so forth. We have no mesquit, only cactus, greasewood and buffalo grass on the prairie.

We are located near Ray, in the northern part, east of the central. The snow-topped peaks of the Sierras are easily seen eighty miles to west and north of us. I think the mountains are inspiring, they are so big and grand. I came through part of the mountains of southern Colorado on my return from Kansas, and could see the Spanish peaks from the car window.

I love to live here, it is so healthy, and the country seems so big and free. Some one at Ray suggested that, as no one died here, and as every town should have a cemetery, they might kill a burro, in order to start the cemetery. Rather of a rude joke, but even in its coarse texture you cannot fail to see the compliment paid New Mexico as a healthy country. My kindest wishes to all. Adios.—King Henry VI.

Hooray! I saw my name in the M. G. R. columns—my professional name—and since we are called for a reunion, why not follow up my success with another ten strike? I suppose the reunion is somewhat like the celebration of New Year's day, when one puts on his smooth clothes and sallies out to call on every lady on the avenue, and fills up on fruit and coffee until one feels like a walking arsenal. I suppose the first thing to do after introduction to the M. G. R.—according to etiquette—is to begin talking to the ladies.

Miss Dew-o-June, I still can see your pleasing face in the M. G. R. columns. Miss Violette La Von, by the aid of your sprightly letter, I often behold the romantic blue foam of the roaming waters of Lake Michigan. Miss Cherokee Girl, one of your enterprise and cleverness should be able to get a good husband. Miss New England Girl, I believe I detect some of the New England granite in your character, withal womanly. Thelma of Iowa, I believe you are homemaking on the Dakota prairie. Success to you. Give us a breezy prairie sketch. Mary from Virginia, let us have another letter from you, breathing sweet patience. Let us see, who are the rest?—I forget, so say au revoir, but not good-bye.—The Country Bard.

Am I really too late for the reunion? Well, now, I believe I may have a place as I have not visited the circle for almost a year, and joys of the morning to you all. How are Kansas Pansy, Missouri, Eagle Eye and Rain Drop? All here? That's good. Did I really see Oregon Bach. and Lone Widow over there? Old Dominion Girl and Jolly Spinster smiling, and Sunny Jim and Zack Stubbs and English Lad, all looking as pleasant as though Florida Old Man had opened a crate of watermelons and said with a twinkle of his eye, "help self." Now Grandpa, spin one of those exciting yarns, and we shall try to give ear quietly; quietly did I say when I am greeting Bonnie Burnie, Michigan Bach. Georgia Cracker and Sunflower Kid? My, what a large company we have! I am Mistigay and yet do not know who wrote the first letter to this reunion unless it was St. Valentine. Who also knows how I enjoyed the book, Lorna Doone? It was the style of writing I most admired. It was new to me.

Olive Branch, how I do enjoy your letters, or stories, I call them. I have over 300 names of M. G. R's, and there are so many of them I should like to see.

May this reunion be for the uplifting of all our members to higher ideas and more noble thoughts and actions, that we may point with pride to our writers and say, "they belong to the M. G. R. band." With love to you all.—Mistigay.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

Our reunion is getting to be like a serial story—long drawn out, but we are coming to the end.

To have what we want is riches; but to be able to do without is power.

Blanche Davis—You are invited to "come again."

Letters from Cherokee Girl, Florida Old Man and Diamond have been recently received.

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

Scald a cup of milk; take from the fire and add a heaping teaspoonful salt, a level teaspoonful sugar and a tablespoonful shortening. Ad a cupful cold water in the scalded milk and when the mixture is lukewarm add one-half yeast cake that has been dissolved in one-half cup lukewarm water. Beat in enough whole wheat flour to make a rather thin batter, beat well, cover and set aside until light. Then stir in as much more whole wheat flour as you can beat in with a spoon. It must be stiff. Beat well, turn into greased tins, let rise until light, then bake an hour in a moderate oven.

THEIR FAIRY NEIGHBOR

Betty and her father and mother had just moved into the green cottage, and they did not know a single neighbor on the street. That first night while they were at tea the back doorbell rang. Betty ran to see who was there, and came back, her eyes big and shining.

"There wasn't anybody there, and this was on the sill!" she said. "This" was a plate of hot muffins, covered with a napkin.

They ate the muffins and wondered who could have been so thoughtful as to send them, and it made them feel quite at home to know that they had such kind neighbors.

At breakfast the next morning the bell rang again, and, as before, Betty saw nobody; only she thought she saw the glimpse of something white flashing around the corner of the house. But when she had picked up the plate of piping hot pop-overs, and peeped around to see, there was no one in sight. They laughed and wondered, and enjoyed the pop-overs; and Betty said she was going to watch and find out who it was.

At noon she did watch for a while from the corner of the kitchen, but at last she grew hungry and went into the dining-room to eat her dinner. Pretty soon the bell rang again, and this time a little box of ice cream hung from the door knob; but nobody was in view.

"Well, I wonder how long this is going to keep up," said Betty's father.

"I wish we could say 'Thank you,'" said Betty's mother.

"Can't you write 'Thank you?'" asked Betty.

So Betty's father wrote on a slip of paper, "We should like to know our kind neighbor, so that we could thank her face to face as we do thank her in writing."

Betty pinned it up by the side of the door, and that night, when the big piece of chocolate cake came, she saw that it was gone.

The next morning, early, Betty's mother found a small bag of rolls on the door knob, and on the bag was written, "From your fairy."

This puzzled Betty a good deal. "Do you suppose it is really a fairy?" she asked her mother.

"I think you will know the fairy some day," she replied, "and then you can decide for yourself. Meantime, let us just wait and be glad."

After a few days, just as Betty concluded to watch through a whole meal, the fairy visits became irregular, so she gave up that plan. But one noon her mother sent her to the refrigerator, which was on the back piazza, for the pudding; and, as she started to open the door, she caught the sound of a light footstep and stood quite still, her heart fluttering wildly. In a second a little girl and a small basket of peaches came in sight—a very astonished little girl she was, too! They stared at each other, and then they began to laugh, and Betty quickly recognized the little girl next door.

A merry time they had then, and Betty was overjoyed to have found out the secret of their fairy neighbor.—Emma C. Dowd, in Good Housekeeping.

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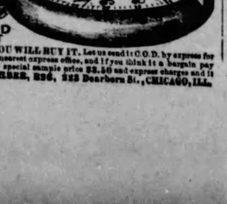
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THE POETS' CORNER

CALIFORNIA JOE

Well, mates, I don't like stories,
Nor am I going to act
A part around this camp fire
That ain't a truthful fact.
So fill your pipes and listen,
I'll tell you—let me see,
It think it was in fifty,
From that till sixty-three.

You've all heard tell of Bridger?
I used to run with Jim,
And many a hard day's scouting
I've done 'longside of him.
Well, once near old Fort Reno,
A trapper used to dwell;
We called him Old Pap Reynolds—
The scouts all knew him well.

One night—the spring of fifty—
We camped on Powder river;
We killed a calf of buffalo,
And cooked a slice of liver;
While eating, quite contented,
We heard three shots or four;
Put out the fire and listened,
Then heard a dozen more.

We knew that old man Reynolds
Had moved his traps up here;
So, picking up our rifles,
And fixing on our gear,
We mounted quick as lightnin'—
To save was our desire;
Too late, the painted heathens
Had set the house on fire.

We tied our horses quickly,
And waded up the stream;
While close beside the water
I heard a muffled scream,
And there among the bushes
A little girl did lie;
I picked her up and whispered,
"I'll save you, or I'll die!"

Lord, what a ride! old Bridger,
He covered my retreat,
Sometimes the child would whisper,
In a voice so low and sweet,
"Poor papa! God will take him
To mamma up above;
There's no one left to love me—
There's no one left to love."

The little one was thirteen,
And I was twenty-two.
Said I: "I'll be your father,
And love you just as true."
She nestled to my bosom,
Her hazel eyes so bright,
Looked up and made me happy,
Though close pursued that night.

A month had passed, and Maggie,
(We called her Hazel-Eye),
In truth, was going to leave me—
Was going to say "good-bye."
Her uncle, Mad Jack Reynolds—
Report long since dead—
Had come to claim my angel,
His brother's child, he said.

What could I say? We parted.
Mad Jack was growing old;
I handed him a bank note,
And all I had in gold.
They rode away at sunrise,
I went a mile or two,
And parting said: "We'll meet again—
May God watch over you."

Beside a laughing, dancing brook,
A little cabin stood,
As, weary with a long day's scout,
I spied it in the wood.
A pretty valley stretched beyond,
The mountains towered above,
While near the willow bank I heard
The cooing of a dove.

'Twas one grand panorama;
The brook was plainly seen.
Like a long thread of silver
In a cloth of lovely green,
The laughter of the waters,
The cooing of the dove,
Was like some painted picture—
Some well-told tale of love.

While drinking in the grandeur
And resting in my saddle,
I heard a gentle ripple,
Like the dipping of a paddle.
I turned toward the eddy—
A strange sight met my view,
A maiden, with her rifle,
In a little bark canoe.

She stood up in the center,
The rifle to her eye;
I thought (just for a second),
My time had come to die.
I doffed my cap and took her
(If it was all the same),
To drop her little shooter,
For I was not her game.

She dropped the deadly weapon,
And leaped from the canoe.
Said she: "I beg your pardon,
I thought you were a Sioux;
Your long hair and your buckskin
Looked warrior-like and rough;
My bead was spoiled by sunshine,
Or I'd killed you, sure enough."

"Perhaps it had been better,
You dropped me then," said I;
"For surely such an angel
Would bear me to the sky."
She blushed and dropped her eyelids;
Her cheeks were crimson red,
One half-shy glance she gave me,
And then hung down her head.

I took her little hand in mine—
She wondered what I meant,
And yet she drew it not away,
But rather seemed content.
We sat upon the mossy bank—
Her eyes began to fill—
The brook was rippling at our feet,
The dove was cooing still.

I smoothed the golden tresses,
Her eyes looked up in mine,
She seemed in doubt—then whispered
"'Tis such a long, long time,
Strong arms were thrown around me
I'll save you or I'll die."
I clasped her to my bosom,
My long-lost Hazel Eye.

The rapture of that moment
Was almost heaven to me;
I kissed her 'mid her tear-drops,
Her innocence and glee;
Her heart near mine was beating,
While sobbingly she said:
"My dear, my brave preserver,
They told me you were dead."

But oh! those parting words, Joe,
Have never left my mind,
You said, 'We'll meet again, Mag,'
Then rode off like the wind;
And, oh! how I have prayed, Joe,
For you who saved my life,
That God would send an angel
To guard you through all strife.

"And he who claimed me from you,
My uncle, good and true—
Now sick in yonder cabin—
Has talked so much of you.
'If Joe were living, darling,'
He said to me last night,
'He would care for Maggie,
When God puts out my light!'"

We found the old man sleeping.
"Hush! Maggie, let him rest."
The sun was slowly sinking
In the far off glowing west;
And tho' we talked in whispers,
He opened wide his eyes,
'A dream—a dream!' he murmured,
'Alas! a dream of lies!'

She drifted like a shadow
To where the old man lay,
'You had a dream, dear uncle,
Another dream today?'
'Oh! yes; I saw an angel,
As pure as mountain snow,
And near her at my bedside,
Stood California Joe.'

'I'm sure I'm not an angel,
Dear uncle, that you know;
These arms are brown, my hands, too—
My face is not like snow;
Now, listen, while I tell you,
For I have news to cheer,
And Hazel-Eye is happy,
For Joe is truly here.'

And when a few days after,
The old man said to me,
'Joe, my boy, she ar' a angel,
An' good as angels be;
For three long months she's hunted
An' trapped, an' nursed me, too;
God bless you, boy! I believe it—
She's safe 'long-side of you.'

The sun was slowly setting,
When Mag (my wife) and I,
Came riding through the valley.
The teardrops in her eye,
"One year ago, today, Joe—
I see the mossy grave—
We laid him 'neath the daisies,
My uncle, good and brave."

And, comrades, every spring time
Was sure to find me there,
A something in that valley
Was always sweet and fair;
Our loves were newly kindled,
While sitting by the stream,
Where two hearts were united
In love's sweet, happy dream.

—From the Life of California Joe, in Heroes of the Plains.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

An Incident of the Crimean War.
By Bayard Taylor.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the fort tomorrow;
Sing while we may; another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie.

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong—
Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl! Her name he dared not speak;
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained from the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

A LOST CHORD

Adelaide Anne Procter.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wander'd idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fever'd spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seem'd the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It link'd all perplex'd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And enter'd into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

FARE-THEE-WELL

Fare-thee-well but not forever,
Still we hope to meet again,
Fate decrees that we must sever,
May our hopes be not in vain.
All the world is now before thee,
For thou art to roam at will,
But within the land that bore thee,
True hearts there will love thee still.

Like the shadows on the dial,
Lingers still each parting ray,
Every true heart knows the trial,
Of each sad, unwelcome day.
Other skies will bend above thee,
Other scenes will change their view,
But remember those that love thee,
Far away, but ever true.

POEMS REQUESTED.

The poem by William Ross Wallace entitled What Rules the World, is asked for.

Can anyone send the words to the song, When the Blue Skies Turn to Gold?

The following are two lines belonging to a Civil War song that is wanted:
Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave
"Over the Union, the home of the brave!"

The words to the song, of which the following is a part, is requested:
"In my dreams I saw a vision,
It looked like a fairy queen."

Who knows the song, Sweet Bunch of Daisies, Fresh From the Dell?

One line of a song wanted is this: "Come, let us go to the golden wedding, all the darkies will be there."

THE BEST REMEDY

For Women—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Noah, Ky. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from headaches, nervous prostration, and hemorrhages.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong, so that I can do all my housework, and attend to the store and post-office, and I feel much younger than I really am.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all kinds of female troubles, and I feel that I can never praise it enough." — MRS. LIZZIE HOLLAND, Noah, Ky.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ills — inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

HAD WEEPING ECZEMA

Face and Neck Were Raw—Terrible Itching, Inflammation and Soreness—All Treatments Failed.

CUTICURA A GREAT SUCCESS

"Eczema began over the top of my ear. It cracked and then began to spread. I had three different doctors and tried several things, but they did me no good. At last one side of my face and my neck were raw. The water ran out of it so that I had to wear medicated cotton, and it was so inflamed and sore that I had to put a piece of cloth over my pillow to keep the water from it, and it would stain the cloth a sort of yellow. The eczema itched so that it seemed as though I could tear my faces all to pieces. Then I began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and it was not more than three months before it was all healed up. Miss Ann Pearsons, Northfield, Vt., Dec. 19, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

IF YOU APPRECIATE
FINE WHISKEY
Write us promptly and thereby place yourself in position to receive
FREE OF COST A FULL QUART
of the best Straight Whiskey made.
SECURITY CO., 316 S. Water St., CHICAGO.
Name
Address

ANSWER THIS AD. IF YOU DON'T WANT A PHONOGRAPH
BEAUTIFUL BOOKLETS sent FREE to all who ask.

To convince you that you must have
A GENUINE 1909 MODEL
VICTOR, ROYAL or EDISON
in your home, we will ship you your choice of outfits, including 1 dozen cylinder or 14 10-inch DOUBLE FACED RECORDS, selections for absolutely
FREE TRIAL RIGHT TO YOUR HOME, without 1 cent in advance—no C. O. D. nor Guarantee. To be returned at our expense if you don't want to keep it. A pleasant surprise in store for all who answer this ad. You, your family and friends can enjoy the finest entertainments at our expense without any obligation whatever.
$1.30 A MONTH now pays for a VICTOR or EDISON.
Just a postal will bring you full particulars. Remember: We do not ask you to keep the goods unless you want to. Write us now. Don't delay. Address Mgr. ENGLEWOOD STATION, CENTRAL DISTRIBUTING HOUSE. Dept. A 123 CHICAGO

5 ACRE FARMS $100
Near Atlantic City, N. J. $5 MONTHLY
Right in a locality where people are making big successes raising fruit, berries, truck vegetables, poultry and squabs. Fertile soil, pure water, good roads. Healthful, mild climate puts produce early in market for fancy prices. 2 mainline railroads; fine shipping facilities to Atlantic City, Philadelphia and New York markets. Large river and manufacturing town nearby. Title guaranteed. Write for booklet.
Daniel Frazier Co., 680 Bailey Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Want a Good Man
With $5,000 to take a half interest in a good paying business that will net $6,000 a year. Must have good reference.
Address B. D. WHITESIDE,
908 Nicholas Bldg., Toledo, O

NO FEAR OF STRIKE

Coal Miners and Operators Think Present Hitch Will Be Adjusted Some Way.

Philadelphia, March 13.—The full membership of the executive boards of the three anthracite districts of the United Mine Workers of America went into session in Central Labor Union hall here today to receive and act upon the support of the sub-committee which had been in conference with the operators for two days trying to arrange a new working agreement to go into effect April 1.

The refusal of the operators to grant the demands of the men and the counter proposition made by the employers to renew the present agreement for another term of three years, will be fully discussed. The executive boards will fix a time and place for a convention of miners to take up any matters that National President Lewis, of the union, might propose. The proposition of the operators to continue the agreement will be laid before the convention. The delegates to this convention will be elected by the local unions next week.

President Lewis declines to predict what the outcome of the convention will be, saying that the whole matter is up to the convention to decide. It is believed that he has decided upon a plan of action and that the convention will carry this out.

Despite the "stand pat" attitude of both sides, there is still a feelling that there will be no serious interruption in the mining of anthracite coal.

MONUMENT TO WIRZ

U. D. of C. Decide on Andersonville for Site.

Atlanta, Ga., March 12.—By a vote of 125 to 70, the George division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy yesterday decided on Andersonville as the site for the monument of Captain Wirz, C. S. A., who was commandant of Andersonville prison during the civil war.

TO TRY HAINS SOON

Date Is Set for Charges Against Captain.

Flushing, N. Y., March 15.—Captain Peter C. Hains, Jr., U. S. A., will be put on trial April 19, at the court house here, on the charge of murdering William E. Annis at the Bayside Yacht club in August last year. Justice Garretson, of the supreme court, will preside.

EYES CURED BY NEW DISCOVERY.

Grateful Patrons Tell of Almost Miraculous Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and All Eye Diseases—Send Your Name and Address with Two-Cent Stamp for Free Trial Bottle.

The cures being made by this magic lotion every day are truly remarkable. I have restored to sight persons nearly blind for years.

Ulcers, wild hairs, granulated lids disappear almost instantly with the use of this magic remedy. Weak, watery eyes are cleared up in a single night and quickly restored to perfect health. It has repeatedly cured where all other remedies and all doctors had failed. It is indeed a magic remedy and I am glad to give this free trial to any sufferer from sore eyes or any eye trouble.

Many have thrown away their glasses after using it a week. Preachers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, students, dressmakers and all who use their eyes under strain find with this Magic Lotion a safe, sure and quick relief. If you have sore eyes or any eye trouble write me today. I am in earnest in making my offer of a free trial bottle of this lotion. I am glad to furnish proof in many well-proven and authentic cases where it has cured cataract after the doctors said that only a dangerous and expensive operation would save the sight. If you have eye trouble of any kind you will make a serious mistake if you do not send for my great free offer of this Magic Eye Lotion. Address with full description of your trouble and a two-cent stamp H. T. Schlegel Co., 3409 Home Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and you will receive by return mail, prepaid, a trial bottle of this magic remedy that has restored many almost blind to sight.

TAFT MAKES WAR PLANS

Central America Will Be Given a Severe Lesson—Mexico to Help.

Washington, March 13.—President Taft and his cabinet are planning sensational action in connection with Central American affairs.

With the support of Mexico intervention is planned with the possibility of a joint protectorate.

Arrangements have been made by the navy department and within a few days it is possible the United States will virtually be at war with at least one and perhaps several little republics.

War between Nicaragua and Salvador has been precipitated by a naval battle fought off the Pacific coast and all the little republics have been thrown into a turmoil.

Owing to the attitude of President Zelaya, of Nicaragua, the United States has severed all diplomatic relations. The American charge at Maragua has been withdrawn and a consul placed in charge.

It is probable that Mexico will be called upon to throw troops into the disturbed territory, while the United States will make a naval demonstration.

Unless order speedily is restored it is believed the Central American states will be brought under the joint protectorate of the United States and Mexico.

This agreement is understood to have been reached between President Diaz and Secretary Root, when the latter visited Mexico two years ago.

GUNBOATS IN BATTLE

Three Nicaraguan Vessels Routed by One Salvador Ship.

Mexico City, March 13.—A private dispatch received here absolutely confirms the reported naval engagement between the ships of Nicaragua and Salvador.

The gunboat Presidente left the port of Acajutla under sealed orders and proceeded to cruise along the Nicaragua coast. President Zelaya, of Nicaragua, getting wind of this, ordered the Momotombo and two other ships to intercept the Salvadorean vessel and engage her in battle. The Presidente was encountered off the harbor of Corinto, but succeeded in getting in action first and disabling the Momotombo.

The latter was compelled to withdraw and limped back to the port of Corinto. The two vessels accompanying her also withdrew. Hasty repairs were made on the Momotombo and within a few hours she was ready to put to sea again. As she is a faster and better equipped ship than the Presidente, it is considered certain that she will overtake the Salvadorean gunboat.

It is said here that a second engagement was fought either today or yesterday. It is thought the cable connection between Mexico and Nicaragua had been cut.

The first engagement took place Tuesday, and a second is believed to have been fought yesterday or today. The Momotombo is manned by American officers and gunners.

It is unofficially reported here that a protectorate is being considered, and startling developments are predicted within the next five days.

THINK TIME HAS COME

State Department Ready to Take Drastic Action.

Washington, March 13.—Affairs in Central America have been closely watched by the American and Mexican governments, both of which have now come to an understanding that the time had arrived when drastic measures should be enforced to insure peace in the Central American republics.

The navy department is co-operating with the secretary of state and is prepared to send marines to Nicaragua on short notice. There are five hundred marines at Panama and two hundred at Guantanamo, Cuba, and these, it is felt at the department, will be able to meet the necessities of the case. Several naval transports are available for immediate service in conveying the marines to Central America, and the understanding is that they have received orders to be in readiness to get under way promptly. The situation was talked over today by Secretaries Knox and Meyer.

It is evident with the moral support of Mexico the United States intends to take action which will make a lasting impression on the Nicaraguans and convince them, as well as the other Central Americans, that the peace pact of 1907 must be lived up to.

Little doubt is expressed that the Mexican government is fully alive to the importance of the Central American situation, and will promptly and cordially co-operate with the United States in establishing order.

CABRERA IS BLAMED

Dr. de Clairmont Says He Caused Trouble.

"President Cabrera, of Guatemala, the veritable despot of the Latin Republic, is behind this trouble between Nicaragua and Salvador," said Dr. A. de Clairmont, of this city, former Peruvian consul and at one time a resident of Central America, today. "He hopes to have the little states become embroiled in trouble and then step in and become master of all the states of Central America. He is disliked in Guatemala and is constantly watched to prevent assassination.

"The various republics, and especially San Salvador and Nicaragua, know that there is to be a survival of the fittest there. There is a constant distrust, and this is fostered by Guatemala.

"These little republics are exceedingly rich and fertile, but rather wild and uncivilized, and offer all sorts of inducements for emigration and capital. They would doubtless advance rapidly if there was protection of life and property. Guatemala is the most progressive, and many Americans live there."

MRS. BALDWIN FIGHTS

Contest Over Wealthy Turfman's Will Is Expected.

San Francisco, March 15.—That the widow of the late E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin will contest the will of the millionaire turfman, was confirmed last night by Garrett McEnery, her attorney. A member of his law firm left for Los Angeles last night, presumably to institute proceedings there on behalf of the widow. Under the will, Mrs. Baldwin gets only a third interest in the Baldwin Annex property in San Francisco, valued at $500,000.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna
Cleanses the System Effectually;
Dispels colds and Headaches due to Constipation;
Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.
Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.
To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine,
manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

SLEUTH IS MURDERED

Black Hand Assassins Are Revenged Upon Noted Italian Detective of New York.

PETROSINO SLAIN WHILE IN SICILY

New York, March 13.—Lieutenant Joseph Petrosino, head of the Italian bureau of the New York police department, was assassinated in Palermo, Sicily, yesterday.

A dispatch from the American consul at Palermo says the murderer was a member of the Black Hand. He fired four shots into Petrosino's body.

Chief of Detectives McCafferty has sent telegrams to the chiefs of police in all the country's large cities, asking them to round up every "Black Hand" suspects in their locality.

Lieutenant Petrosino went to Italy on a special mission to investigate the so-called Black Hand, with a view to bringing about better protection for peace-abiding Italians in this country.

Convicted Many Murderers.

Joseph Petrosino was the Black Hand expert of the New York police department and a terror to Italian criminals. It is said that he had more convictions for murder to his credit than any five policemen connected with the detective bureau. In his work it is but natural that he incurred the enmity of all Italian criminals and the report of his death in Italy leads to the belief that he at last fell a victim to those whom he had so relentlessly prosecuted.

He went to Italy more than a year ago to work on a plan suggested by Police Commissioner Bingham, the basis of which was to be the adoption of means to check the tide of undesirable Italians and Sicilians to this country, and particularly to New York city.

A native of Italy, and a man of great experience on the local police force, Petrosino was the best all-around man to accomplish the mission. A private subscription was started and $30,000 was raised. With this to defray the expense of the undertaking, Petrosino left for his native land to establish bureaus through which it was hoped to keep such complete records that the news of the departure from Italy or Sicily of any criminals could be flashed to this country almost immediately, so that the authorities here could be on the alert and prevent their landing, or place them under arrest.

Didn't Heed Threats.

Petrosino was so accustomed to receiving threatening communications and hearing threats against his life that he paid little attention to them. It is said that he had been warned against going to Palermo, where he is reported to have been assassinated, but that he ignored the threat and scoffed at the idea of being killed.

Prominent Italians in the city are of the opinion that the detective met death among his countrymen as a result of his untiring efforts to suppress the Mafia, the Camorra and the Black Hand, but they think his sudden death will only serve to kindle anew the feeling against these criminals, which will bring about even a more drastic crusade against them than has heretofore been conducted.

Petrosino's young wife was seen at her home, 233 Lafayette street, but she said that she had heard nothing from her husband since she received a letter on Thursday last. There was a shade of anxiety in her voice as she stood in the doorway holding her little daughter in her arms. "But," she said, "I am sure that he is all right, or I should know."

MOTHER OF 14 GIVES BIRTH TO QUADRUPLETS.

Havana, March 12.—The wife of a poor cigarmaker of Havana, the mother of fourteen children, gave birth yesterday to quadruplets, two boys and two girls. President Gomez sent his congratulations to the mother as a woman deserving well of the republic, with tender and substantial assistance.

RUSSIA READY FOR INVASION

St. Petersburg, March 13.—The situation in Persia again is attracting attention in St. Petersburg. The government is sending a division of Cossacks to Teheran and it has ordered the consuls at Resht and Astrabad to summon Caspian warships in the event of outbreaks threatening the interests of Russia.

The Novoe Vremya today publishes a Teheran dispatch saying the situation is critical, that an insurrection is imminent, and that only a strong military detachment can prevent the sacking of Teheran.

It is significant that the viceroy of the Caucasus has just reviewed the Russian troops at Baku, which would be the natural base of departure for an expedition into Persia.

ENTOMBED 72 HOURS

Miners Eat and Breathe Through Iron Pipe.

Salt Lake City, Utah, March 10.—Jerry and George Peterson have been entombed since Monday afternoon in a mine near Murray, but rescue today appeared nearer at hand through the efforts of scores of willing workers.

While blasting in a tunnel, the roof began caving in. Jerry instantly thrust out a section of iron piping through the falling earth and rock. Through this tube the men have received enough air and liquid nourishment to sustain life.

STANDARD WINS

Action Brought by Federal Government Is Thrown Out of Chicago Court.

Washington, March 10.—The government has in view a novel move to bring the Standard Oil case before the supreme court.

Chicago, March 10.—Judge Anderson today decided to instruct the jury in the Standard Oil case to find the company not guilty.

Thus after many rulings adverse to the government the Indiana judge virtually has put an end to the present efforts of the government to proceed against the Standard Oil company.

All but Two Cases Void.

The decision of the court was announced at the close of a long argument by Assistant District Attorney Wilkerson, and the jury was immediately summoned and instructed to return a verdict of not guilty.

This means that all but two of the pending indictments against the Standard Oil company, of Indiana, are void and will be abandoned by the government. The two cases not affected by today's decision are cases involving the shipment of 1,915 carloads of oil from Whiting, Ind., to Evansville, Ind., via Dolton Junction, over the Chicago & Eastern Illinois railroad.

The prosecution, which today ended in failure, after having once been tried by Judge K. M. Landis, whose decision was reversed by the court of appeals and the case remanded to the district court for a second trial, had its beginning August 27, 1906. On that date 10 indictments were returned by a federal grand jury charging the Standard Oil company, of Indiana, with accepting concessions from railways in shipments of oil from Whiting, Ind. Demurrers to two of these, involving shipments over the Chicago & Eastern Illinois railroad and connecting roads to Grand Junction, Tenn., were sustained and the indictments were quashed shortly after they had bee returned. The eight remaining bills were demurred too, but the demurrers were overuled.

Involved Chicago & Alton.

Two of the eight indictments involved shipments over the Chicago & Alton railroad from Whiting, Ind., to East St. Louis, Ill., and St. Louis, one containing 1,903 counts and the other 134 counts. It was the 1,903 counts indictment on which the oil company prosecution was based. With 146 counts allowed to stand the case went to trial before Judge Landis, March 4, 1907. The trial consumed six weeks, and resulted in a verdict of guilty, April 23, 1907.

Arguments for a new trial were heard in May and a motion for a new trial was denied. On August 3, 1907, Judge Landis imposed his famous $29,240,000 fine.

Judge Landis Reversed.

On appeal, the case went to the United States circuit court of appeals and was argued a year ago. The decision of the court of appeals reversing Judge Landis and remanding the case for a new trial was given July 22, 1908.

Attempts of the government to obtain a rehearing of the case before the appellate court as well as their endeavors to secure a review of it before the United States supreme court failed. The second trial was begun before Judge Anderson February 23.

Fix Bonds for Appeal.

Jefferson City, Mo., March 10.—An appeal bond of $100,000 will be the basis upon which a writ of error for an appeal to the supreme court of the United States will be granted to the Standard Oil company of Indiana and the Republic Oil company of Ohio, according to action taken by the supreme court of Missouri today.

Judge Anderson in a 15 minute discussion of the case to the jury explained his position and announced that if the case was to go to the jury and a verdict of guilty was returned he could do nothing but set aside the verdict.

"There is absolutely nothing on which a conviction in this case could stand, before any court in this country," the court said in concluding his charge to the jury. "The government has failed to prove its contention that the 18 cent rate was the lawful rate between Whiting and East St. Louis, and that the defendant had wilfully accepted a lower rate, and there is therefore nothing to do but for the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty."

FUND FOR OLD MAIDS

Bachelors of Maine May Be Taxed $10 Yearly.

Augusta, Me., March 11.—Maine's "old maids are to be pensioned at the expense of the bachelors and widowers, if the act which has been introduced in the legislature by Representative Campbell, of Kingman, becomes a law.

Mr. Campbell proposes to mulct every unmarried man of 30 or over at the rate of $10 a year, the fund thus raised to be applied to the support and relief of such deserving spinsters who are still spinsters, although willing to marry if they get a fair chance.

The law has some relief measures for the bachelors or widowers who can show that they have made a reasonable effort to get a wife, by proposing three times, either to three different women or to one woman three times.

PASTOR WIELDS FIST

Warrant Out for Preacher and Church Members.

Knoxville, Tenn., March 12.—A fistic encounter between J. C. Miller, pastor of Zion Lutheran church in the Twenty-first district of this county, and Sol McGammon, a member of his flock, resulted yesterday in the swearing out of warrants for several members of the congregation and for the preacher, who is charged with assault and battery.

Some say the men clashed over the question of sanctification, while others declare that it was a dispute over a question of voting in a church election.

42 DEAD; 120 HURT

Record of the Tornado in and Near Brinkley.

Brinkley, Ark., March 10.—Twenty-nine persons killed and seventy-four injured is Brinkley's list of casualties from the tornado on Monday night.

Outside of Brinkley thirteen persons were killed and forty-six were injured. Several of whom may die.

We Show Coon Skins!

This Little Story

is about an old Arkansas hunter, who was in the habit of taking his dogs and gun out for a solitary coon hunt most every night and who also took himself to the cross-roads store each following morning, and to the neighbors assembled there, related miraculous stories of the still more miraculous numbers of coons he had shot the night before. These honest friends, with true Southern good nature, passively submitted to these wild tales from day to day, until the number grew to such magnitude as to surpass all belief, and then, rising in their righteous indignation, as one body, gave vent to their feelings in the following:

"Look Here, Neighbor,

This talk of killing coons is all well and good. There are coons in the woods, and powder and shot can kill them, but if you want us to believe that you are such a mighty hunter, you have just got to show us those coon skins."

We want to show coon skins and ask only an opportunity to produce them before you. We don't ask you to believe, don't ask you to swallow our claims as true, don't ask you to spend any money, but just want you TO INVESTIGATE AT OUR EXPENSE, BY SENDING FOR A PACKAGE OF VITÆ-ORE ON 30-DAYS TRIAL. The coon skins we will show you will be THE IMPROVEMENT and BENEFIT in your own health and physical condition, coon skins you will quickly recognize as proving our claims. If you do not, it won't cost you a penny. We take all of the risk.

We make BIG CLAIMS for Vitæ-Ore, for the work it has done, is doing and can do, but for every claim of a cure made, we produce the "coon skins," the actual breathing, walking, talking witness in the living, healthy body of the man or woman cured by Vitæ-Ore. Medicines have come and gone, have sprung up in the night like mushrooms, have made broad claims and told of remarkable hunts and the capture of remarkable numbers of "coons," but when the time came, they could not show the "coon skins," and were heard of no more.

Not so with Vitæ-Ore! It has stood the test for 28 years as a mighty hunter, one that goes right after disease, tracks it to its root, sticks to it, gets it on the run and wins the final triumphant victory.

A 30-DAYS' TRIAL PROVES ITS POWER.

If You Are Sick and Ailing

If you need the help which Vitæ-Ore offers, no matter what the trouble, no matter how long you have been ill, no matter what you have been told, you should send for it and give it a chance to show "coon skins" to prove that it is the right thing for your trouble, as it has proven to be right for the troubles of so many thousands of others. You have no excuse to hesitate, delay or refuse. One month's treatment will convince you. It will not cost a penny unless you are benefited. You are to be the Judge!

Saved Her Life

WALLACE, NEB.—Vitæ-Ore was the means of saving my life and rescued me from an existence that was almost unbearable. I had been suffering for a long time with Nervous Prostration, Palpitation of the Heart and Smothering spells, Female Weakness, Catarrh of the Head, Throat and Stomach, Kidney and Bladder Trouble. In fact, I do not believe I had a sound organ in my body. I was bedfast for seventeen weeks, when I was induced to give Vitæ-Ore a trial. I think it was a God-send, as all my diseases began to yield immediately and I am now cured. I can do all my housework with pleasure and sleep like a child and have a very good appetite. I had taken Vitæ-Ore for only two months when I gained 18 pounds.

MRS. J. O. PURBAUGH.

Read Our Trial Offer!

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a word from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us $1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than $1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what Vitæ-Ore is, and write for a package today.

Vitae-Ore Is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, when mixed with water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters drunk fresh at the springs.

Permanently Cured of Gall Stones.

NEW PARIS, IND.—I was afflicted with what my family doctor called Gall Stones, which troubled me for two years or more. Sometimes the pain was almost beyond endurance and when the pain was on I had to call the doctor, who always gave me some medicine to relieve me, but it would not cure. Two years ago last March I went to my work one morning feeling fairly well. I worked until about eleven o'clock when I felt the pain. I took a dose of the medicine which I carried for that purpose and then worked a few minutes longer but found that I could not stand it. I went to the stove thinking that if I could get warm I would get over it in a little while, but in less than 30 minutes I had to be carried out of the mill and was taken home in a buggy. I thought I would not see my home again. On arriving I was put to bed and the doctor came promptly. I was in terrible agony. My pulse was below 40 and cold sweat on my face. The good doctor gave me something to relieve me and I stayed at home for two weeks or more. About this time I saw in an advertisement a testimonial from a man in Kentucky who said he had been cured of the same trouble by Vitæ-Ore. I sent for a trial package and was so well pleased with the outcome that I procured more and continued with it. I am certainly well now and can do as much work as I ever could, although I am 59 years of age. It is now a year since my last attack and I am entirely free from Gall Stones. I thought it would be an injustice to Vitæ-Ore as well as some one suffering from the same trouble to withhold this testimony from you.

T. J. HARRIMAN.

Feels Better Than For Many Years.

NORBORNE, MO.—I have been afflicted for a long time with Rheumatism, and although I have tried numerous remedies and have also been treated by well known doctors, I never received more than temporary relief. When I first read the Vitæ-Ore advertisement offering the treatment on 30 days' trial, and sent for a trial package. I could not move without great pain and effort. I began taking the medicine immediately upon its arrival, and after a weeks' time I felt a great difference. After I had used but the trial package, I was able to return to my work, and, in fact, felt better than I had for a number of years. I continued the treatment for two months longer and can say that I improved in general health right along. I now feel fine and am doing a strong man's work every day, with little fatigue. I have explicit faith in the curative powers of Vitæ-Ore and cannot say too much in its praise.

F. L. VINYARD.

Use This Coupon

If You Do Not Wish to Write a Letter

Theo. Noel Co., Vitae-Ore Bldg., Chicago
I have read your advertisement in the TOLEDO BLADE and want you to send me a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitæ-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay $1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address to which the trial treatment is to be sent:

NAME
TOWN
STATE
Street or Rural Route

Make Vitae-Ore Your Doctor For 30 Days

IF YOU SUFFER FROM Rheumatism, or any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Piles, Sores and Ulcers, Constipation or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood, or if there is something wrong in the workings of your system, something wrong with your Sleep, your Appetite, your Digestion, Nerves or Vitality, you cannot afford to suffer another day when the thing that has set thousands right is offered you without a penny's risk, when it takes but a letter to start you on the treatment which has won international reputation by the work it has done for thousands. You cannot lose a penny—you win back health or pay nothing. YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE! Send today for that which thousands have used and are using with the success denied them in other treatments. ADDRESS

THEO. NOEL CO., T. B. Dept. Vitae-Ore Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

PLAN TO MOBILIZE

Austria, Angered by Reply of Servia, Has War Proclamations in Type.

Vienna, March 15.—The reply of Servia to the Austro-Hungarian note of March 6, referring the government to Servia's previous communication to the powers, has a tendency to heighten the fever of the war party in the dual monarchy.

The bourse showed weakness on the publication of Servia's answer, and there are rumors that the Austro-Hungarian reply possibly may be the issuance of orders for a partial mobilization.

It is even said that the necessary proclamations already are in the hands of the printers.

Diplomats in Vienna, however, still believe that the government will resist the agitation of the war party and it is asserted that Emperor Francis-Joseph personally has thrown himself into the breach with the intention of finding a peaceful way out of the deadlock.

The Laying Hen.

Illustrated Poultry Record.

The 200-egg hen, if ever it is reached for large flocks, will only be after many years of constant breeding, and there will be many more gray hairs ere it is accomplished. We do not say this to discourage those who are striving for improvement in that direction, but to indicate that the process of evolution must be gradual.

FEARS BREAD FAMINE

Mexico May Put Wheat on the Free List.

El Paso, Tex., March 11.—Mexico will declare off all wheat duties by April 1 to prevent a bread famine, according to customs officials here. For several years past Mexico has had to suspend the duty on wheat each spring on account of the shortage in that country.

Wheat now costs $3.60 Mexican money per bushel in Mexico City, when imported from the United States, and the home crop is exhausted. American wheat at the border now costs $1.28 a bushel, and with a duty of 2 cents, gold, a bushel, and an additional freight rate to Mexico City, the price is exorbitant.

PROTEST FROM LABOR

Demonstration Against Sentences in Boston.

Boston, Mass., March 15.—As a demonstration against sentences of imprisonment imposed upon Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison by Judge Wright in the superior court of the District of Columbia, more than 5,000 members of labor unions paraded through the streets of this city yesterday. Afterwards a large meeting was held in Faneuil hall and several overflow meetings in the surrounding streets attracted large crowds.

CHIEF WEATHER PROPHET TELLS HOW IT HAPPENED

Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States weather bureau, because of the criticism of some and the fun poked at him by other newspaers over the failure of the inauguration day forecast for Washington, has issued a statement. He feels that the occasion demands it. The statement under the heading, "The Storm of March Fourth," says:

"It is not usual to answer criticisms of the forecasts of the weather bureau, but the hundreds of press clippings that have been received since March 4 containing adverse criticisms of the bureau seem to call for this statement from me.

"Forecasts of the weather bureau are before the public every day in the year. In the past about one prediction out of each ten failed to be verified, and it may be expected that the same ratio of failure will be maintained until meteorology can be made, what it is not now, an exact science.

"In the case of the storm that visited Washington March 4, the fact is that the disturbance began here on the morning of March 3, and was accurately forecast the day before. The bureau anticipated that the storm center would pass over the Middle Atlantic states during the night of the 3d, and that northwest winds and falling temperatures would leave a clear day for the 4th. The center past precisely as forecasted, the wind shifted and the temperature fell, but instead of the northwest wind clearing the sky, as it does in nearly all cases, precipitation in the form of snow occurred and continued for twelve hours after the storm center had past eastward. No forecaster could foresee this.

"Were we to forecast a fall of snow folowing the passage of storm centers that move from the northwest, we would have hundreds of failures charged against us, instead of an occasional one, for it is rare that snow falls in the Middle Atlantic states except with the approach of a storm from the southwest, which causes northeast winds, and it is extremely rare that any storm in this region that begins with rain ends with snow of any considerable amount. On the contrary, many storms that begin as now end as rain.

"The forecast in question was made by one of the most experienced forecasters of the bureau and was concurred in by all of the forecasters who were conversant with the conditions, and the same forecast would be made today if similar conditions existed.

"The forecasters of the United States weather bureau are the equals, if not the superiors, of any others in the world, and their predictions of frosts, cold waves, floods and marine storms, although subject to error in the proportion of about one to ten, are of such value to the industries of the nation that if one of the newspapers that now so freely criticise because two unverified forecasts for the District of Columbia have fallen on inauguration day were to omit from its pages the daily predictions of the weather its readers would compel it to restore them, and if the department or congress were to close a station of the bureu in any part of the United States the property interests would demand its restoration. This would not be the case if the hysterical abuse that is now being indulged in was justified."

HAVE YOU HEARD OF THEM?
THE WONDERFUL TOXO-ABSORBENTS

They are doing the most wonderful work the world has ever seen in the cure of disease and the relief of suffering.

They cure by actually absorbing the poisons and disease from your body into their own.

Diseases heretofore incurable are cured by Absorption.

Patients in a dying condition have been cured in a short time.

Never give up until you have used the Toxo-Absorbents.

Thousands who had given up all hope are writing to us of their wonderful cures.

The Toxo-Absorbents are the Sensation of the Day wherever they have been used.

Asthma, Bronchitis, Tonsolitis and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs have been cured.

Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Abscesses, Ulcers and all kinds of Blood Poisons have been cured.

Goitres, Swelled Glands, Tumors and even Cancers have been cured.

Our Mails are loaded with letters which tell of the wonderful cures. The cures read like miracles. We can give but a few.

"I had a large Goitre which the doctor said could not be cured. I used the Toxo-Absorbents and was cured in a short time. The Toxo-Absorbents cured me. "FRANCES J. PERRY, Rochester, N. Y."

"I laid in the Hospital for eleven months with an eating ulcer and was discharged as incurable. I was better with the first application and was soon cured. Have had no trouble since. "F. E. BROWN, Medford, Ore."

"I was under treatment for three years for female disease. Three doctors gave up the case. The Toxo-Absorbents worked like magic and made a complete cure. "MRS. A. M. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y."

"I suffered for thirty years with Asthma and Bronchitis. The disease went to my lungs and the doctors said I could not live. The Absorbents were wonderful and made a complete cure. "MRS. L. A. PEACOCK, Lansing, Mich."

The Toxo-Absorbents are absolutely drugless and harmless and have infinitely greater curative power than drugs. They are entitled to your entire confidence.

All Books sent free. Send names of invalid friends. Tell us about your case. We want no cases we cannot cure.

TOXO-ABSORBENT CO. No. 2 Church St., Rochester, N. Y.

OIL FINE IS $20,000

Retrial Is Denied in N. Y. State Rebate Case.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 15.—Judge Hazel in the United States court today denied the motion of the Standard Oil company for a new trial and imposed a fine of $20,000.

The case hinged on the Standard Oil company's accepting concessions from railroads on the shipments of oil from Olean, N. Y., to Rutland and other points in Vermont.

IS SHORT $70,000

State Treasurer of Utah Is Under Arrest.

Salt Lake, March 12.—James Christianson, former state treasurer who retired from office January 1, is under arrest on the charge of being a defaulter to the amount of $70,000.

It is said the money was lost in Nevada mining ventures.

REVISES LIQUOR LAWS

Committee of Michigan Legislature Reports Bill.

Lansing, March 12.—The house liquor committee yesterday afternoon reported out the Ormsbee bill revising the liquor laws of the state, and it was made a special order for Wednesday, March 17.

The real fight will come up on the proposition to provide local option by small units instead of by counties, which the committee has not yet tackled and will not until both sides have been given a hearing.

The Anti-Saloon league has taken the warpath against the bill reported yesterday Pliny W. Marsh, attorney for the league, says the bill should not be passed, because it knocks out all the existing regulatory laws, which have been in force for many years. He asserts that the provision of the bill which holds minors as well as saloonkeepers responsible for the sale of liquor to minors is of a nature that will result in no conviction for offenses of this kind because the minor will not come into court and testify under a provision of the charter, and his evidence is necessary for the conviction of the saloonkeeper.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN ANTI-TRUST DISTILLERY

Wants to put 100,000 new customers on its books within the next few weeks and as an inducement makes the following introductory offer:

12 BOTTLE CASE FINEST WHISKEY FOR ONLY $5

EXPRESS PREPAID

Send us $5.00 and we will send you a case of EXTRA SPECIAL DISTILLATION WHISKEY in 12 large full 16 ounce bottles, all charges prepaid to your nearest express station, without marks to betray contents. The whiskey is the finest straight whiskey (no spirits, no compounds, no imitation whiskey—nothing but a blend of straight whiskies.)

Only 5000 Cases to be Sold at This Price—Send for a Trial Order Today

Green Mountain Extra Special Distillation Whiskey has been originally put up for the Drug trade in the New England states, where a large demand for a pure high grade whiskey exists. The retail druggists pay to the large drug jobbers $3 for the 12 bottle cases, and the druggist sells it over the counter at $1.00 per bottle. The whiskey is fully and thoroughly matured, and is intended for physicians' prescription purposes.

Our High Financial Standing

We are independent of any trust; Incorporated for $400,000 and are thoroughly reliable and responsible, as any bank in Kansas City—Bradstreets, Dun's or any Express Company will tell you.

Money back without discussion if not satisfactory

GREEN MOUNTAIN DISTILLERY

If you want your order filled same day as received mark your envelope "Personal" and send it today to

M. C. REEFER, PRESIDENT,
Warehouse 775 KANSAS CITY, MO.

Only Anti-Trust Distillery Company selling direct to consumer at distillery prices.

HOUSE GAINS RIGHTS

Cannon Still Reigns, but His Power Has Been Somewhat Curtailed.

Washington, March 16.—By yesterday's vote of the house Speaker Cannon has been shorn of some of his power, but he still holds the fort.

Insurgent Republicans and Democrats, voting together adopted a resolution amending the rules in several particulars, but the changes are not as radical as were desired by Cannon's opponents.

After Speaker Cannon had been reelected by a fairly decisive majority, Dalzell's motion to again adopt the old rules was rejected by a majority of four votes. Then the house was offered two resolutions providing for changes in the rules. One offered by Champ Clark was radical. That offered by Fitzgerald, of New York, also a Democrat, was in the nature of a compromise. That was adopted by the house by a vote of 211 to 172.

Three Important Changes.

As analyzed by parliamentarians, the amendment makes three important changes.

First, it establishes a "calendar for unanimous consents," the effect of which is to enable a member to have a proposition brought before the house without having to go to the spedker for recognition. This change, they say, will be a relief to the speaker.

Second, when consideration of a bill is concluded, and the previous question is ordered, the rules heretofore have provided for a motion to commit with or without instructions. It has been the practice to recognize a member of the majority party to make this motion, and thus prevent the minority from offering such instructions as it may desire.

Prevents Favoritism.

The new rule gives the minority the preference in making such a motion, and thus enables them to get a record vote on propositions which would otherwise be settled in committee of the whole house, where no record vote is possible. Third, it protects the calendar Wednesday by requiring a two-thirds instead of a majority vote to set it aside. Fourth, it is also claimed that the amendment will have the effect of preventing favoritism by the action of the committee on rules in special cases.

A prominent feature of the Clark resolution was an amendment providing for a committee of fifteen to revise, amend and codify the rules, and much of the opposition to it was because of this fact. As adopted, the Fitzgerald amendment makes no change in the present method of the selection of the committee on rules, which is made by the speaker, nor is there any change in the method of selecting the committees.

Speaker Cannon is inclined to regard the amendment as a slight improvement on the present rules, in that instead of throwing the responsibility for recognition on him it sets aside certain days for the consideration of measures under unanimous consent; but he says, under the new rule, members will have to wait for those days.

TO TALK ACROSS SEA

Navy Will Send Wireless Messages 3,000 Miles.

Washington, March 16.—By an agreement reached today between Secretary Meyer and representatives of the National Electric Signalling Co., of Pittsburg, the naval establishment is to be furnished under contract, with wireless apparatus which will transmit messages for a distance of 3,000 miles day or night and two ships are to be furnished with similar apparatus capable of sending messages for a distance of 1,000 miles.

The apparatus, it is said, will be 30 times as powerful as those in ordinary use. This will enable the department communicate with its vessels nearly across the Atlantic ocean and if successful will mark one of the greatest achievements in naval practice.

The tower in which the apparatus is to be installed will be erected here, and will be constructed by the government.

LIQUOR EXPERT DEAD

Lexington, Ky., March 15.—Patrick Lamphear, one of the most widely known Bourbon whiskey experts in America, died here last night of pneumonia. He was born in Atlanta 65 years ago. His skill in determining the quality of whisky by its aroma had gained a large salary for him, and had won for him the sobriquent of "the man with the golden nose."

MAKES LAST DEMANDS

Unless Reply of Servia Is Satisfactory War Is Considered a Certainty.

BULLETIN.

Paris, March 16.—La Liberte says today it has learned from a reliable source that the Austrian government, for three days past, has been making preparations to occupy Belgrade, the capital of Servia, as the only way to bring about a solution of the present situation.

Berlin, March 16.—Advices received at the foreign office today concerning the strained situation between Austria-Hungary and Servia indicate that the crisis is still in an acute stage.

It is affirmed that Austria-Hungary is about to make another effort at Belgrade with the view of bringing Servia's views into accord with her own. The nature of those representations is not disclosed, but it can be said that the dual monarchy will demand a clear explanation of Servia's intention.

Officials say that if Servia concedes this the negotiations will pursue a peaceful course, but if not hostilities are inevitable and the only task of the powers will be to localize the conflict.

The report that Turkey will demand an explanation of Servia's intention with regard to the large quantities of war material now lying at Saloniki has been officially confirmed. Should the reply be unsatisfactory an embargo will be placed on the supplies at Saloniki.

In the meanwhile Servia has arranged to procure munitions of war and stores via Bulgaria, but pressure will be brought upon Turkey to prevent the passage of military supplies through the Dardanelles.

NAVAL BATTLE IS REPORTED

Mexico City, March 12.—It is persistently rumored here that war has broken out between Nicaragua and Salvador, and that there has been an engagement between the Salvadorean gunboat Presidente and the Nicaraguan gunboat Momotombo.

WIRELESS BRINGS SHIPS

Two Steamers Hasten to Proffer Aid to Storm-Beaten Schooner.

New York, March 12.—With only her foremasts left standing above her decks the former three-masted schooner Ann J. Trainor, of Philadelphia, was towed into New York harbor, early today, after being partly dismasted in a gale of wind off Atlantic City.

The Trainor was discovered in distress off the Jersey coast yesterday by a crew of fisherman, who reported her plight to the wireless stations in the vicinity of Egg Harbor. Passing steamers were informed by wireless and two of them went to the assistance of the schooner.

Captain Derrickson, of the Trainor, however, declined to be taken off and the steamers sent his request for a tug by wireless and soon afterwards a tug started for Delaware breakwater in search of the vessel.

Excent for the loss of her masts the Trainor appeared to be in good condition when she was towed up the harbor today.

WILL HUNT GRAFTERS

Pittsburg Jury to Look Into Municipal Scandal.

Pittsburg, March 15.—Judge L. L. Davis today authorized the use of the March grand jury, which was called in extra session for "dragnet" purposes, in connection with the municipal corruption scandal. This opens the way, it is said, for important graft developments.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

I have in my possession a prescrtption for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3898 Luck Bldg., Detroit., Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

URGES TARIFF ACTION

President Taft Sends His First Message to Congress, and It's Short.

BULLETIN.

Washington, March 16.—The new tariff bill will be introduced in the house tomorrow, the delay in presentation being to secure the approval of a new Republican member on the ways and means committee whom the speaker will appoint to succeed Mr. Bonynge, of Colorado, whose term has expired.

Washington, March 16.—President Taft's message on the tariff was read in both branches of congress today soon after the opening. Its most striking feature was its brevity. Its full text follows:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives:

"I have convened the congress in this extra session in order to enable it to give immediate consideration to the revision of the Dingley tariff act. Conditions affecting production, manufacture and business generally have so changed in the last twelve years as to require a readjustment and revision of the import duties imposed by that act. More than this, the present tariff act, with the other sources of government revenue, does not furnish income enough to pay the authorized expenditures. By July first next, the excess of expenses over receipts for the current fiscal year will equal $100,000,000.

"The successful party in the late election is pledged to a revision of the tariff. The country, and the business community specially, expect it. The prospect of a change in the rates of import duties always causes a suspension or halt in business because of the uncertainty as to the changes to be made and their effect. It is therefore of the highest importance that the bill should be agreed upon and passed with as much speed as possible consistent with its due and thorough consideration. For these reasons, I have deemed the present to be an extraordinary occasion, within the meaning of the constitution, justifying and requiring the calling of an extra session.

"In my inaugural address I stated in a summary way the principles upon which, in my judgment, the revision of the tariff should preceed, and indicated at least one new source of revenue that might be properly resorted to in order to avoid a future deficit. It is not necessary for me to repeat what I then said. I venture to suggest that the vital business interests of the country require that the attention of the congress in this session be chiefly devoted to the consideration of the new tariff bill, and that the less time given to other subjects of legislation in this session, the better for the country.

"WILLIAM H. TAFT.

"The White House, March 16, 1909."

In the senate the President's message received careful attention on the part of senators, many of whom laughed when the President's suggestion that no legislation except in relation to the tariff be considered at this session, was read.

A motion by Senator Hale providing for an adjournment today until Friday, was adopted, and at 12:18 the senate adjourned.

After the message had been read in the house the body adjourned for one hour.

"TOMMY ROT," SAYS JOE.

Speaker and Champ Clark Swap Tart Remarks.

Washington, March 16.—Speaker Cannon and Champ Clark, the minority leader of the house, swapped tart remarks about each other at the White House today. The speaker called upon the President early in the morning and when he was leaving the executive offices made this answer to a question as to the fight in the house yesterday:

"The amendments to the rules have greatly improved them. All this stuff about the speaker being a czar is the purest tommy-rot. There has never been a time when the majority could not control the house. What they wanted to do was to make a commitee of fifteen members, dominated by Champ Clark and La Follette. That is also tommy-rot. La Follette is a fake."

When Representative Champ Clark called on President Taft later in the morning and was told what the speaker said, he answered briefly:

"Uncle Joe has paresis."

Many of the members who attended the caucus of Democrats of the house last night do not interpret the resolution adopted therat as a "boycott" of all of Speaker Cannon's possible committee assignments of minority members. As explained today the resolution was adopted to censure the Democrats who bolted the minority leadership yesterday in the house and to provide a punishment for their act.

The intention of the caucus it is explained, was to prevent the "bolters" from obtaining any reward for their course. It is believed, therefore, that Minority Leader Clark will object to the assignment of no members to committees, except the 24 Democrats who deserted his leadership.

In the event that assignments are refused and the house excuses a member from serving on a committee, the speaker may decide to leave the position vacant, thus giving more power to the Republican members of the committees. In the speaker's room it is not believed that any serious embarrassment will arise over the action of the Democratic caucus.

ASKS BLESSING ON TAFT

Pastor Prays for All Who Play Prominent Part in Public Life.

Washington, March 15.—Forsaking his own church for the day, President Taft attended services Sunday at the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, where President Lincoln and other famous statesmen once worshiped.

Mr. Taft left the White House with Mrs. Nicholas L. Anderson, of this city, who accompanied him to church. Together they walked the four blocks to the church, and several times the President was compelled to doff his hat in recognition of the greeting of many who spoke to him along the way. Two frock-coated and silk-hatted secret service men walked behind and sat near them during services.

Dr. Wallace Radcliffe, pastor of the church, referred directly to the President in his opening prayer, saying: "Bless William Howard Taft and all his cabinet; bless the legislators and officers of the army and navy; bless the administration and make it a power for good in the world."

After the services the congregation stood while the President and Mrs. Anderson walked out. Mr. Taft returned to the White House on foot, Mrs. Anderson leaving him when they arrived near her home on K street.

After luncheon President Taft mounted his riding horse, Sterrett, went for a long ride on the speedway, accompanied by Gen. Clarence Edwards. He returned to the White House two hours later and settled down to complete his tariff message.

MAKE YOUR OWN LIQUORS AND CORDIALS AT HOME!!

You can make, in the privacy of your own home, any Liquor or Cordial, saving 75% dealers' price with "ZANOL" Concentrated Extracts.

No Distilling! No Boiling! No Trouble! No Apparatus!

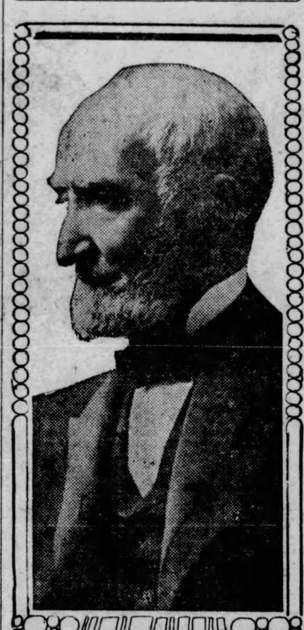
"ZANOL" Concentrated Extracts are the important principles of liquors same as used by distillers, only in a more concentrated form. Drinks made with "ZANOL" are delicious and pure—we guarantee under Pure Food and Drug Act, Serial No. 22115. Liquors awarded Gold Medals Columbian Exposition. Millions of satisfied customers. Extracts for

SIX (6) FULL QUARTS WHISKEY - $1.00!

Rye, Bourbon, Corn, Irish, or Scotch Whiskeys, Gins, Cognac, Peach, Apple or Apricot Brandies, Rums, Rock and Rye, Cocktails, Creme-de-Menthe, Bitters, etc. What do you use? Make your selection and send at once for "ZANOL" Extracts for Six Full Quarts for $1.00, prepaid, in plain package; assorted if you wish; 12 full quarts, $1.50; 24 full quarts, $2.80. Your money returned if not just as represented. Send order to-day and ask for "Free Booklet" giving history and secrets of liquors.

UNIVERSAL IMPORT CO., Sole Agents. (Western Branch.) Tribune Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.

Veteran Wins Again



JOSEPH G. CANNON.

SERVIA BUYING WAR MATERIAL

Berlin, March 13.—A more pessimistic view prevails in official circles today regarding the outcome of the negotiations between Austria-Hungary and Servia, as it is not believed that Servia's reply to the Austro-Hungarian communication concerning a commercial agreement will lead to a fruitful outcome. Nevertheless, it is probable that Austrian patience will be extended to the consideration of further proposals after March 31.

In the meanwhile the Servian government has ordered a large quantity of gunpowder from a Saxon factory for immediate delivery, and it has placed an order for half a million patent aseptic bandage rolls for field hospital use with a Cologne manufacturer.

FREE LUMBER NO HELP

Pinchot Says Prices Would Not Be Reduced in the Least.

Washington, March 12.—A removal of the tariff on lumber would neither reduce the price to the consumer nor preserve our forests, according to the opinion expressed by Gifford Pinchot, chief of the United States forest service, in a letter to Sereno E. Payne, chairman of the house ways and means committee.

Mr. Pinchot holds that the fundamental question at issue in the lumber tariff is forest conservation. He says that he would favor a removal of the tariff if he were of the opinion, which he thinks is the cause of the demand for free lumber, that it would offer a way to protect our forests. "But I am unable to see," he says, "how free lumber will promote forestry."

Import from Canada.

Mr. Pinchot says that "most of the lumber we now import comes from Canada, as most of it would if the duty were taken off. We are importing from Canada only about 8 per cent as much lumber as we are cutting from our own forests. It is not likely that under free lumber more than five per cent as much would come from Canada as we would cut at home.

"Canada, as compared with the United States, has no great timber supply," continued Mr. Pinchot. "Her total amount of standing timber is probably not more than one-third of what is left of ours. In the end the Canadians will undoubtedly require for home use all the timber they can produce. Imports from Canada, therefore, would not be enough to limit the cutting of our forests or to reduce the price of lumber in any important degree."

Need Free Wood Pulp.

The chief forester thinks it "highly important that we should have free pulp wood in the future as in the past, and that Canada should impose no export duty upon plup wood. In this respect," he continues, "the pulp and paper making industry is in a different position from the other great wood using industries of the United States. The latter can be supplied wholly from our own forests, while the former must have free access to the Canadian spruce forests so long as spruce is the chief pulp wood."

Mr. Pinchot places the first duty for conserving the forests upon the lumbermen themselves, declaring that "by asking retention of the tariff in order to protect the forests, the lumbermen have in substance entered into an agreement with the people of the United States to perpetuate their forests by wise use."

He declares that "if the lumbermen do not make the most of this opportunity legislation is coming, and coming very soon, which will force them to do clean work in the woods, and to leave their cut over lands in a condition to produce a second crop."

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WALL STREET WAITING

Developments Awaited by Men of Finance.

New York, March 14.—Many of those who usually take the initiative in Wall street are either absent or holding aloof awaiting developments, says the weekly financial review of Henry Clews. The new administration has already settled down to business, and there is a general feeling that there will be a cessation of the disturbing methods towards great corporations which have been so prominent for some time past.

Another matter upon which opinion has been largely centered is the tariff. It can now be taken for granted that no radical changes will be enforced. The tariff, it might as well be admitted, is in the hands of its friends; and while more or less time and temper may be expended before agreement is reached, the best information confirms the belief that the coming changes will be comparatively slight.

The next important element of consequence is the crop situation. As already stated in these advices, the country's greatest need today is a big harvest. Prices of all food and agricultural products are too high, greatly increasing the cost of living, and no recession can be anticipated until the farmer gets to work and produces more abundantly. This he can well afford to do, for farming has become a much more profitable industry than in former days, and there is sure to be a ready market at profitable prices for all the grower can possibly produce.

No great fluctuations in the stock market need be expected until a positive change takes place in outside conditions. Investment demand for bonds has shown a sudden cessation, apparently for the reason that the inquiry has been temporarily satisfied. It may also be due to the growing impression that after several years of rising prices we must prepare to face a period, more or less prolonged, of falling prices. This will account for the hesitation of some buyers. Certainly the belief in advancing prices, which prevailed during the boom, is not as strong a habit as two or three years ago. Moreover, the rapid increase in the output of new securities—with the certainty of cheap money to stimulate their continuance—is also an element which shrewd investors take into consideration.

It is quite evident that the pros and cons of the market are now very evenly balanced, and only moderate fluctuations in either direction are to be anticipated. The financial situation in general is eminently sound. Remedial forces are actively at work, and apparently all the depressing influences which can be foreseen have been about discounted. Recent declines in steel and copper are suggestive, inasmuch as they show that industrial readjustment to new conditions is inevitable, and will in the end be beneficial.

$120,500 FOR ASKING

Elyria, March 15.—New disclosures of Cassie Chadwick's operations in high finance were made today by United States Bank Examiner Starek in a suit brought by George T. Cutts, appointed receiver for the bank by the United States court, against the United States Fidelity & Guarantee company for $15,000, the amount for which it bonded A. B. Spear, cashier of the bank, now serving a seven-year term in the penitentiary at Columbus.

Evidence gathered by Starek, who unearthed the first facts in the case which sent Mrs. Chadwick to the penitentiary, will be produced showing that $120,500 was drawn from the Citizens' National bank, of Oberlin, by the Cleveland woman solely upon her promises to pay and by the exercise of her remarkable ingenuity.

Without an account or even a show of security for her loans, Starek will show how Mrs. Chadwick upon seven different occasions, between August 15, 1903, and February 24, 1904, drew money from the Oberlin bank on checks ranging in amount from $5,000 to $50,000.

List of Transactions.

These amounts, and the dates when they were obtained, are: August 15, 1903, $12,600; August 24, $30,000 and $50,000; October 2, $24,000; October 4, $5,000; November 3, $15,600; December 7, $5,000; February 24, 1904, $10,000.

According to the facts revealed by Starek's investigation of the bank's books, the disbursement of these amounts was carefully concealed by juggling accounts and false entries. It was the discovery of these which led to the conviction of Spear and the death of Beckwith. They have never become generally known because of the fact that Spear pleaded guilty to the charge of embezzlement and therefore were not offered as evidence in court.

During the trial of Mrs. Chadwick it developed that she met President Beckwith when the latter sought an introduction, after hearing of her success in high finance. She came in person to the bank and was introduced to Spear. Never have further reasons been given for the acts of these officials in supplying the fabulous demands of Mrs. Chadwick for money than her personality and reputation. Their confidence in her and her ability to make good seemed unbounded. In a single day, August 24, 1903, she withdrew $80,000.

MAMMOTH CAVE FOUND

Saranac Lake, N. Y., March 12.—Seemingly as deep as the famous Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and containing a succession of wonderful avenues, chambers and abysses, an enormous cavern has been discovered in one of the wildest portions of the Adirondacks by Captain E. R. Thomas, a woodsman of wide experiences. Already it has been explored in several directions for a distance of approximately one thousand feet, and Captain Thomas is of the opinion that it would require miles of travel to investigate all of its subterranean passages

As an indication of the depth of some of the yawning chasms encountered the captain says that twenty seconds elapsed before stones dropped into the pits were heard to strike.

Apparently of volcanic origin, the cavern is situated in township No 9, about two and one-half miles from Twin Pond station and three miles from Standish. The peak, which is about one thousand feet high, is down on the map as "W" mountain. The mouth of the cave is about fifty feet wide, and besides the main entrance there are four smaller ones.

With a ball of twine tied to a sapling to guide them back to the mouth, Captain Thomas and a companion went in about a thousand feet. The first room encountered was about fifty feet long, thirty feet wide and twenty feet high. The walls were covered with bats, which hovered in great clusters of fifty to two hundred. These bats semed to have been made lethargic by the fumes of sulphur that surcharged the chill, damp air of the cavern.

A second room, forty feet long, twenty-five feet high and fifteen feet wide, was found, with outlets to still other rooms, all leading downward. The impression of the explorers was of a great chimney with innumerable tributaries as one proceeded into it. Captain Thomas had no means at hand of measuring the depth of the various pits encountered, but from the length of time it took missiles to strike bottom he thinks some of these pits must be as deep as the Mammoth Cave.

CUBAN TROOPS START MUTINY

Havana, March 16.—A sergeant and seven privates of the rural guard stationed at the town of Vueltas, in Santa Clara province, have mutinied and taken to the woods with their horses and arms. It apparently is their intention to make an effort to start an uprising. Strong detachments of the rural guard from adjacent garrisons have been sent in pursuit of the mutineers.

WESTON IS OFF ON SECOND LAP

Tarrytown, N. Y., March 16.—Edward Payson Weston started from Tarrytown at 8 a. m. today on the second lap of his walk to the Pacific coast. A large crowd cheered him as he started from in front of the hotel. He was in fine condition after his walk from New York, having arrived in Tarrytown at 1:20 this morning. He expects to reach Poughkeepsie tonight.

Goes Through Ossining.

Ossining, N. Y., March 16.—In good condition after a walk from Tarrytown, Edward Payson Weston, the pedestrian, arrived here at 9:55 this morning. He made no stop in this place, keeping on up the river to Peekskill.

Rests at Peekskill.

Peekskill, N. Y., March 16.—Edward P. Weston reached here at 1:05 o'clock this afternoon and went to a hotel for a rest. He was in good condition and said he would start for Poughkeepsie after sleeping about two hours.

HEALTH FAST FATAL

Marlboro, Mass., March 15.—A fast of forty-six days, during which he took no food in any form, came to an end last night, when death claimed Adelard Bastin, aged 51. The long fast was not a voluntary one, but was occasional by cancer of the stomach from which Bastin had been suffering for many months. In spite of his weakened and emaciated condition, Bastin remained conscious and recognized his friends to the last.

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, March 13.—Bradstreet's says: Trade and industrial developments this week have been slightly more favorable, the result being a better tone in various lines of trade and some enlargement of activity in spring demand from jobbers and from retailers.

Helpful in this respect has been the arrival of better weather conditions, the advance of the season's trade toward an early Easter, large shipments of grain to market, attracted by high prices, the placing of some business in iron and steel induced by lower prices and the resumption of building operations at many cities after the winter shut-down.

There are still many unsettled features and some soft spots in the trade, and industrial situation. Where demand has expanded it has been largely in the direction of women's wear goods or fabrics. Export trade totals at present are depressing, displaying the effect of high prices here and of reduced buying ability abroad. The coal trade is very unsettled. Wage reductions in the iron and steel trade are increasing.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending March 11 were 254, against 219 last week, 278 in the like week of 1908, 186 in 1907, 187 in 1906, and 148 in 1905. Canadian failures for the week number 40, which compares with 33 last week and 31 in this week last year.

Wheat, including flour exports from the United States and Canada for the week ending March 11, aggregate 3,289,847 bushels, against 2,670,277 (corrected) last week, and 2,895,903 this week last year. For the thirty-seven weeks ending March 11 this year the exports are 142,209,499 bushels, against 141,490,067 in the corresponding period last year.

Corn exports for the week are 930,848 bushels, against 760,550 last week and 1,485,499 in 1908. For the thirty-seven weeks ending March 11, corn exports are 21,783,350 bushels, against 40,579,805 last year.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, March 16.—Higher wheat prices were due largely to an uplift in cables, which were buoyed almost entirely by the European scare. Cash, at the outset, was ¼c higher at $1.22¾. May ⅛c higher at $1.19⅝, July ⅛c up at $1.06¾, and September ¼c advanced at $1.01⅝. May and July was boosted ½c, and the far month receded ⅛c in the early part of the session. Receipts in the Northwest and Chicago were materially greater. Crop reports were generally favorable, especially from the southwest. Liverpool was ⅛d lower at the outset and ¼d to ½d higher at 1:30 p. m.

The increase in the visible supply, selling of May at Minneapolis and more courage among the bears let prices fall after the middle of the session. Another snowfall in the northwest is a bearish factor. Cash closed 1c off at $1.21⅛, May ⅞c down at $1.18⅝, July ⅝c off at $1.06, and September ⅞c off at $1.00¼. At the end of the day Liverpool was ¼d to ⅝d higher.

Corn evinced no change in the initial half hour, May, July and September standing at 68⅞c. In the Liverpool market values were quoted higher at midday. Receipts at Chicago were not quite as large as a year ago.

Corn closes: Cash 67¾c, May 68¼c, July 68¼c, September 68¼c.

Higher values prevailed in oats, though the market was rather nervous. May opened ⅛c higher at 56½c, but lost the gain before 10 a. m. July opened unchanged at 50⅝c, but gained ⅛c in the initial hour. At the outset, September was quoted ⅛c higher at 41⅞c.

Closing quotations were: Cash 55½c, May 55¾c, July 50c, September 41¼c.

Comparatively heavy receipts let clover seed prices slide downward during the early hours. At 10 a. m., March, April and October were off 2½c at $5.35, $5.32½ and $5.92½ respectively. Receipts were 487 against shipments of 388 bags. A year ago receipts were 50 bags and shipments 257.

Cash and March closed 2½c off at $5.35, April 2½c down at $5.32½, and October unchanged at $5.95.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Mar 16.	Close Mar 15
Wheat—					
Cash	1.22¾	....	1.22¼	1.21¼	1.23¼
May	1.19⅝	1.19⅞	....	1.18⅝	1.19½
July	1.06¾	....	1.05⅞	1.06	1.06¾
Sept.	1.01⅝	....	....	1.00¾	1.01¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	67¾	68
May	68⅞	69	....	68¼	68⅞
July	68⅞	69	....	68¼	68⅞
Sept.	68⅝	....	....	68¼	68⅞

Oats—					
Cash	55½	....	....	55½	55½
May	56½	....	....	55¾	56⅜
July	50⅝	50⅝	....	50	50⅛
Sept.	41¾	....	....	41¼	41¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.35	5.37½
March	5.37½	....	....	5.35	5.37½
April	5.32½	....	....	5.32½	5.35
Oct	5.92½	....	....	5.85	5.55
No. 2	....	....	....	5.22½	5.25
No. 3	....	....	....	5.12½	5.17½
Rejected	....	....	....	5.05	5.07½
Neg.	....	....	....	4.80	4.85
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	83½	83½
No. 2	....	....	....	83	83
No. 3	....	....	....	80	80
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.70	8.70

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.16⅝	1.16⅞	1.15¼	1.15⅝	1.16¼
July	1.05	1.05⅛	1.03⅞	1.04	1.04⅝
Sept.	98⅜	98⅞	97½	97⅝	98½
Dec.	....	....	....	98⅝	99¼
Corn—					
May	67⅝	68	....	67¼	67⅝
July	67½	67⅞	....	67	67½
Sept.	67⅛	67½	....	66⅝	67⅛
Dec.	....	....	....	59¼	65½
Oats—					
May	54⅞	55	....	54⅜	54⅝
July	49¼	49¾	....	48⅞	49½
Sept.	40⅞	49¾	....	48⅞	49½
Sept.	40⅜	41	....	40½	40⅝

NEW YORK.

May	1.20½	....	....	1.19⅝	1.20⅝
Corn—					
May	75¼	....	....	74⅞	75¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.13⅝	1.13⅞	1.12½	1.12⅝	1.13½
July	1.01⅝	1.02⅛	1.00⅞	1.01	1.01⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.15
July	....	....	....	....	1.15⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.15⅝
July	....	....	....	....	1.15⅞

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	17.95	17.97	....	17.85	17.85
July	17.97	....	....	17.90	17.87
Lard—					
May	10.25	10.27	....	10.25	10.22
July	10.40	....	10.35	10.37	10.32
Sept.	10.50	10.52	....	10.50	10.45
Ribs—					
May	9.37	9.45	....	9.40	9.35
July	9 52	9.57	....	9.55	9.50

Money and Stocks.

New York, March 16.—(Wall Stret.)—Reading and Chesapeake & Ohio started ⅝ higher today than last night. Changes of the other principal trading stocks were limited to eighths and quarters, and the volume of business was insignificant. American Ice rose a point and Consolidated Gas ⅝.

Standard railroad stocks were bought more freely, especially the Harriman group, St. Paul and Reading. Most of the well known specialties also were taken on a rising scale. After a number of stocks had scored good gains, the demand abated, but prices were held. American Sugar moved up 1¼, People's Gas 1¼ and Reading, Union Pacific and American Beet Sugar 1. Pittsburg, C., C. & St. Louis, Chicago Great Western preferred A, Tennessee Copper, American Malting preferred and Pullman declined a point.

Buying Renewed.

Buying was renewed on intimations that the President's special message was expected promptly. United States Steel and Amalgamated Copper were features, with an advance of 1¼. The movement died out towards noon.

Buying of the general list was revived to some extent by the bidding up of the Harriman Pacifics. Southern Pacific got up 1 and Union Pacific 1⅞. Very little interest was manifested in the industrials, preferred. Kansas City Southern and Minneapolis & St. Louis preferred gained a point each.

New York Stocks.

New York, March 16, 1909.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30pm
Am. Cotton Oil	52¼	52¾	52¼	52¼
Am. Loco. Com	50¼	50¾	50¼	50¼
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	128⅞	130¼	128⅞	130
Atchison	103¼	103⅝	103¼	103¼
Am. Car & F. Co	48	48¼	48	48¼
Anaconda	39⅝	39⅞	39⅝	39⅝
Amal. Copper	66⅞	67¼	66⅝	67¼
Am. Smelters	82¼	83¼	82¼	83⅜
Allis-Chal. pfd.	42	42¼	42	42¼
Am. Ice Sec.	30	30⅝	30	30¼
Balt. & Ohio	106⅜	107¼	106¼	107¼
B'lyn R. Trans	70¾	71¼	70¾	71¼
Chicago & N. W.	139	139	138	138¼
Canadian Pac.	166¼	166¼	166¼	166¼
Clover Leaf	46½	46¾	46½	46¾
Clover Leaf pfd.	69½	70	69¼	70
Colorado Fuel	31⅞	32⅜	31⅞	32⅜
Ches. & Ohio	66⅜	67	66½	66⅝
Central Leather	28	28	28	28
Consolidated Gas	130¼	130¼	129⅝	130¼
Can pfd.	76⅜	76¼	76⅜	76¼
D. & R. G.	43¼	44¼	43¼	44¼
Erie com.	23⅝	24⅜	23⅝	24⅛
Erie 1st pfd.	37⅞	39	37⅞	38⅝
Erie 2nd pfd.	30⅜	30⅝	30⅜	30⅝
Gt. Northern pfd.	139⅞	140⅝	139⅝	140¼
Ill. Central	140⅞	140⅞	140⅞	140⅞
Interborough com.	14⅞	14⅞	14⅞	14⅞
Interborough pfd.	43¼	44	43¼	44
K. C. Sou. com.	4¼	4